"MODERN MAN," DECEMBER 28th, 1912.

ANOTHER ROYAL SCANDAL: ROMANCE OF A YACHTING TRIP.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 217. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1912 (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

THE "PIECE" CONFERENCE.

BULGARIA HAS FIRST CUT, WHILE SIR EDWARD GREY PULLS THE STRINGS.

Modern Man

No. 217. Week ending December 28. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Our Wish to You.

This is our Christmas week number, and it will be in the hands of our readers during the days when their homes will be ringing with that happy laughter and spontaneously merry chatter which is only met with at its height at Christmas-time.

It seems to us, therefore, a very fitting occasion to add a few words to the very sincere greetings we tendered to you in our Christmas number. We hope your Christmas may be of the merriest, your New Year of the happiest and most prosperous. And when jollity reigns in your home on Christmas Day, be sure that, in spirit, you will number among your guests your very hearty friends on *Modern Man*.

* * *

Our Frontispiece.

There is a certain seasonable element in the present state of affairs in the Balkans. Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece are engaged in carving—or rather cutting up—the Turkey. The picture on our front cover shows with witty pointedness, those four countries intent upon their toothsome task. But the artist, with his finger and thumb well on the pulse of the real state of affairs, has set forth the actual conditions in a particularly pithy way. Under the table—or rather, the prime mover behind the scenes—is Sir Edward Grey, pulling the strings like Bunty. He presides over the Peace Conference—and we can safely assert—speaking from inside information—that so long as Sir Edward is at his post, there is the very best assurance that the peace of Europe will be sustained.

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According to "Who's Who" for 1913, Lord Charles Beresford's favourite amusement is carpentering. No doubt that is why he is so fond of chipping the Government.

* * *

Mr. Asquith and the Suffragettes.

It is good to know that Mr. Asquith is not to be frightened by Suffragette "militancy." As a matter of fact, the wild-cat tactics of the worst of the "Votes for Women" law-breakers seem to have stiffened his back, for there appears to be authority for the statement that he will retire at the end of the present Parliament if Woman's Suffrage is carried in any form, or becomes part of the policy on which his Party makes its appeal to the country.

He is also understood to have made it clear that he will neither be a member of any Government kept in office by women's votes, nor seek the suffrage of an electorate including women voters.

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Extract from the *Daily Mail* criticism of "The Tide":—"The call for the author at the end was *completely unanimous*." Evidently no half-and-half affair.

* * *

"Brotherhood" Sentiments.

Speaking at a Brotherhood meeting in Pentonville, Mr. Cecil Chapman, the Metropolitan magistrate, showed himself in full sympathy with ourselves in our recent denunciations of the domestic environments of so many of the poorer classes. "Bad homes," he declared, "are the cause of juvenile crime, and many English homes are not fit for pigs to live in"—the very words of *Modern Man*.

Mr. Chapman was similarly plain-spoken in referring to the reports of the Divorce Commissioners.

"The majority are trying to seek a heaven on earth, while the minority are content to try and seek their salvation elsewhere. . . Submission in marriage on the part of the wife to every horror is a contradiction of one's proper idea of God. It is not God's will that we should live in a state of unhappiness."

* * *

"Parody," says Mr. R. C. Lehmann, "is an attack of measles that every journalist must have." It certainly breaks out in nasty spots.

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St. Paul's in Danger.

The cry of "St. Paul's in danger" has been raised before, but not, it seems, with such cause and justification as now, when the construction of a tramway subway has been proposed in its immediate vicinity. The protests of the Dean and Chapter are supported by expert opinion of the highest authority.

Already, Canon Alexander tells us, there are cracks in the great structure all the way down from the dome to the ground level. This fact shows how "sensitive" the building is, and spells a warning that any additional alteration in the foundations might result in a serious unsettlement.

* * *

"Didn't Know it was Loaded."

Frank Prentice was showing his sweetheart, Ruby Reid, a revolver, which he produced from his pocket. "Explaining" the mechanism to her, he pulled the trigger—and the girl fell dead. As with so many other similar tragedies, so with this tragedy at Potter's Bar—the "explainer" of the "mechanism" of the pistol "didn't know it was loaded." Anybody fit to touch a firearm would have wanted to know that it was not loaded.

Tragedies of this class will not decrease, any more than will wilful murders by means of firearms, until the law imposes such conditions on the purchase and possession of guns and revolvers as will check the indiscriminate dealing in them at present carried on.

* * *

Seven in One Room.

In the course of a prosecution at Birmingham for child neglect, it was shown, among other horrors, that two adults and five children had been living and sleeping in one room, two-and-a-half yards square. For one case of this kind that is dragged into the light, there are thousands as bad, and worse, that escape public notice.

* * *

The latest thing in ladies' footwear has a small purse attached to the side. If it remains empty, we shall know where the shoe pinches.

* * *

Working the White Slave Act.

The police are showing commendable zeal in tackling their new duties and responsibilities under the White Slave Traffic Bill. They had practically completed their arrangements before the Royal Assent had been given, and have lost no time since. Ports and railway stations are now watched by constables prepared to arrest on suspicion and at sight, and instructions have been issued from Scotland Yard to the police in all parts how to work the Act effectively.

Particularly gratifying is it to know that, in fear of the lash, bullies and souteneurs have already left these shores in swarms. Many of them who had hoped to settle in France are likely to be disappointed, for steps for their expulsion are in discussion by the French senate.

Even the threat of "flogging for bullies" has done what nothing else could have done.

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

THREE TYPES OF WOMEN.

THE CURIOUS. THE AMOROUS. THE SUFFRAGETTE.

Are Executions Bungled?

We are reminded of our recent question to this effect by what happened the other day at Chelmsford, where a twenty-year-old culprit was legally done to death within the precincts of the prison for the murder of his sweetheart.

At the inquest, the neck was covered to the chin by a white cloth, and was thus hidden from the view of the jury. There had been an incised wound in the man's neck, and the skin over this, the medical officer stated, had "given way" to the extent of half an inch. The incident makes unpleasant and suggestive reading.

* * *

A Correspondent's Adventure.

Another glaring instance of the sham advertisement has just been brought to our notice. Writing from Holland Park, a corespondent says:—

Curiosity and a laudable desire to polish up a somewhat imperfect knowledge of the French language were the combining factors which led me to answer in person an advertisement in a leading morning paper which intimated that at a certain house, in a certain thoroughfare, not two hundred miles from Victoria Street, S.W., I could secure board-residence accommodation very cheaply, with the inestimable boon of French conversation lessons thrown in free.

I went, I saw—and I was disillusioned!

I was ushered into a frowsy little drawing room, and I was just endeavouring to remember some of my most passable French when a lady, who spoke in English, enquired if my visit was in consequence of the advertisement.

I replied in the affirmative, and then, to my bewilderment, she proceeded to exhibit alarming signs of affection for me.

I am now wondering when the police will put an end to this type of French lesson.

* * *

Warning the Car Owners.

To run a private motor-car a man must have means—but his possession of means is no excuse for the mean swindle too often played on him by a "secret commission" arrangement between his chauffeur and the motor-car accessories dealer, the latter allowing the former, for his own pocket, something off the cost of everything he buys and his master has to pay for. If the master only knew it, he pays for all sorts of things that his car has no use for. This secret commission scandal is a detriment to the motor trade, for it exaggerates the expenses of upkeep both in appearance and reality.

* * *

Fox Hunting a Mischievous Sport?

Following upon our recent references to the quarrel between fox-hunters and poultry-farmers, Mr. Joseph Collinson, of the Animals' Friend Society, writes:—

Sir,—There is an argument in favour of fox hunting which its apologists are very prone to use, viz., that foxes are mischievous animals, entirely inimicable to the farmer's interests, and that if they were not killed in the chase they would soon become a plague. This is sheer nonsense. Over and over again, in the columns of the sporting press, I have seen it stated in the reports of the Hunt dinners and similar gatherings, that the Master of this or that pack of hounds expressed his thanks to the landowners in his district for preserving the foxes.

Moreover, foxes are specially bred in this country for the purpose of being hunted and worried to death, and when there are not sufficient for the purpose, they are imported from the continent. And woe betide any man who poisons, traps, or shoots a fox. He is publicly denounced as a vulpicide—and a vulpicide, according to fox hunting ideals, is almost as bad as a homicide.

Furthermore, fox hunting is in itself a wasteful sport. It leads to the breaking down of gates and fences, the frightening of cattle and sheep, while more land is damaged and more crops are injured in this way in six months than by all the foxes in as many years—and for this destruction the compensation, even when awarded, is rarely adequate. I saw it announced the other day that a notice had been posted in the Corn Market at Buckingham, by the Farmers' Hunt Union, to the effect that in consequence of bad seasons the farmers can no longer afford to pay for damage done by occupiers of hunting-boxes, and that the hunting folk are now to be charged a fixed fee according to the number of horses they keep.—Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

It will be interesting to hear other opinions on the subject.

* * *

First-Class Army Reserve.

With all our talk about Territorials and conscription and National Reservists, we are culpably neglectful of a splendid military asset in the number of trained men who every year, from the ranks of the First-Class Army Reserve, lapse back into civil life.

These are seasoned soldiers, a goodly proportion of them having served abroad and survived campaigns. They would be cheap indeed at the inconsiderable payment that would retain them in cohesion and in readiness. It is unreasonable to expect such men to join the existing National Reserve force in numbers and for nothing.

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

Big Ben costs the country £2 a week. As each member of Parliament costs the country about four times as much, we are not surprised that Ben is always going on strike.

* * *

A Defence of the Territorials.

Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., who commands the Welsh Division of the Territorial Force, has put up a spirited defence of the Territorials. He criticises their critics, condemns their decriers, and pleads that the Force has made good its claim on the national confidence, as well as the national gratitude. He urges that what it wants, and what it has proved its right to receive, is encouragement.

To the men of his own command, whom he has known for four years, from Ledbury to the sea, from Swansea to Glossop, from the Forest of Dean to Holyhead, the gallant and distinguished Sir Francis pays a compliment which any troops might be proud to deserve. Beyond cavil, his utterances are entitled to the respect and deference with which Britishers are ever ready to listen to the voice of competent authority and the counsels of knowledge and experience.

* * *

A Dunkirk detective traced a thief by means of a perfumed pocket handkerchief. He must have been following up the *scent* very carefully.

* * *

The Infant Tsarevitch.

The child-son of the Emperor of all the Russias may live himself for ever incapable of perpetuating his race. The cause and nature of his recent suffering and peril are a secret no longer.

The cruel and dastardly hands that were laid on this innocent infant accomplished their horrible purpose. In face of all the attendant circumstances, and more particularly in view of the precautions that were organised to surround every waking and sleeping moment of his young life, it is hard to think that this last addition to the long black list of the crimes of Russian Nihilism could have soiled the page of history without the connivance of the Russian police, probably the most corrupt body of officials on the face of the earth.

Russian institutions are corrupt from top to bottom. Russia is rotten.

* * *

The Czar.

As for Russia's nominal ruler, it is well for England and the world that the resemblance between him and our own beloved monarch is a merely physiognomical likeness —"only this and nothing more."

* * *

An Impudent Magistrate.

Addressing a newsvendor of 23, who, charged before him with having been drunk and disorderly, had begged for leniency on account of his wife, Sir Thomas Crosby, ex-Lord Mayor of London, is reported to have been guilty of the following remarks.

"You've got a wife? Great Scot! A wife, indeed! Why, the woman ought to be in service and earning a living, and you ought to be doing something respectable. Twenty-three years old and a wife! Why, you've hardly got out of your swaddling clothes yet."

Unless Sir Thomas Crosby, ex-Lord Mayor of London, has been grievously misreported, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Such remarks as we have quoted, made to a husband of 23 years of age, were idiotic, vulgar, old-womanish, and—even to a prisoner—impudent: a disgrace to the speaker, and a reproach to the seat of justice from which he spoke.

* * *

"No Wedding Presents, Please."

The marriage of Mr. Arthur M. Samuel, Lord Mayor of Norwich, at the West London Synagogue last week, was preceded by the publication of a special request that no wedding presents should be offered.

Like some other customs, begotten and fostered by a good and kindly motive, the fashion of giving presents on the occasion of a marriage has outgrown its original intention. We confess that at first we felt out of sympathy with Mr. Samuel, but on reading what he has had to say, we are disposed to go a long way with him in his views, premising that he refers to gifts from others than close relatives.

"The custom," he holds, "is a tax upon the private resources of one's friends, and the imposition should cease. . . It very often involves a great strain on the incomes of people who are not in very affluent circumstances. . . The whole spirit in which wedding presents are given and received nowadays appears to have degenerated very considerably. The system is almost iniquitous. . . It needs to be reformed. Personally, I hold that if wedding presents must be given at all they should be given by bride and bridegroom to their friends to signalise the happy union, rather than the other way about. As a matter of fact, I am doing this myself to some extent."

All this, and much more that Mr. Samuel says, is certainly to the point. His sincerity is as obvious as his reasoning is cogent.

* * *

Army Officers' Pay.

Said Colonel Seely, Minister for War, in the House of Commons the other night, "the whole question of the pay and expenses of Army officers is receiving my anxious consideration." We are glad that Colonel Seely is anxious; for Army officers, as a body, are no less so.

The fact that most officers in line regiments cannot possibly live upon their pay is the greatest possible deterrent against an adequate number of capable youngsters adopting the service as a means of livelihood.

It behoves a niggardly Government immediately to raise the pay of officers of all ranks, to such an extent as to allow them to live adequately on their pay. Until this is done, England's best men will—of necessity—choose other professions.

* * *

The proposal to construct tramway-subways under St. Paul's has led to some protests. The Dean is afraid that the Cathedral might be placarded with "Underground to Everywhere," which is very suggestive of "the other place."

* * *

The Child, the Teacher. and the Parent.

Modern Man is a stickler for discipline, and has always maintained that authority should be supported by the power and the means to punish, whether authority be vested in the person of judge or schoolmaster.

But when either seeks to exceed his prerogative, we are "down" on him promptly. The managers of a Council School in Cheshire having passed the following resolution —"the head teacher is desired to punish children for misbehaviour during the dinner interval, and on the way to and from school"—we lose no time in telling them that, at all events as regards the clause "on the way to and from school," this is going too far. In school, let the teacher be upheld in the exercise of his authority—outside the school he has none to be upheld, and must never be suffered to usurp the functions of father and mother. There is a principle at stake in this on which it is becoming increasingly necessary to insist.

* * *

"A modern peril," says the *Evening News*. "Girls are indulging in witty conversation." If brevity is the soul of wit, we might yet be able to face the awful peril without flinching.

* * *

Colonial Help in Imperial Defence.

It would be ungracious and ungrateful to belittle the patriotism and generosity of the Colonial impulse to help the Mother Country to a few more Dreadnoughts, and to share, in some rather larger measure than heretofore, in the burden of Imperial preparedness; but all the same, it is permitted us to attach significance to the fact that in the matter of Imperial taxation the Britisher at home pays thirty times as much per head as the Britisher in the Colonies.

Is a little conscience money included in the cost of Colonial Dreadnoughts?

* * *

The motor-'bus is held responsible for the greatest wear and tear of our roads. The L.C.C. is therefore asking the 'bus companies to mend their ways.

* * *

Cheap and Easy Murder.

The Home Secretary, whose attention was drawn to the urgency of restrictive legislation in the matter of the carriage of firearms on the person, and the ease with which they can be bought, "regrets that he cannot hold out any hope of immediate legislation." How many more murders, we wonder, must be committed, and how many more attempted, before murder by firearms is made less cheap and easy?

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO IN FOR "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

The International Hotel-keepers' League has decided to establish an academy for educating hotel employees. They are going to serve up a three years' course.

* * *

"Titanic" Inquiry Charges.

The total cost of the inquiry held after the "Titanic" disaster has just been communicated to the public. The figure, according to the President of the Board of Trade, amounts to £20,231 5s. 10d. Among the items going to make up that sum are the following:—

	£	s.	d.
Salary of Wreck Commissioner (Lord Mersey)	1050	0	0
Counsel for Board of Trade:—			
Sir Rufus Isaacs (Attorney General)...	2458	0	0
Sir J. A. Simon (Solicitor General) ...	2425	4	0
Mr. Aspinall, K.C.	2345	12	0
Mr. Rowlatt	1249	3	6
Mr. Raymond Asquith	864	0	0

These figures are all very imposing; but a question that strikes us very forcibly is whether at least three of the items —(Lord Mersey's, Sir Rufus Isaacs' and Sir J. A. Simon's "salaries," amounting in all to £5,933 4s. 0d.)—are not unduly inflated? The three learned gentlemen all hold highly paid posts under the Crown; and we are at a loss to see why they should receive additional sums such as this for services which, in our opinion, ought undoubtedly to come within the province of their regular duties.

Another very important point in connection with the "Titanic" disaster. A very large sum of money was raised from the nation to relieve the distress of the thousands of the bereaved; and little or no information has yet been vouchsafed as to its administration. We are enquiring into this; and may have some interesting facts for our readers before long.

* * *

"Fashions," says the *Daily Mirror*, "move in circles." Perhaps that acounts for so many revolutions in dress.

* * *

Rights on the Road.

In submitting evidence to the Select Committee on the roadway rights of drivers and pedestrians, Sir William Byrne, of the Home Office, suggested the following rulings:—

Deaf pedestrians must be considered by drivers.

It has been decided in many cases that everyone has the right to walk in the roadway, and drivers must exercise reasonable care.

A pedestrian does not lose his case merely because of his own negligence. He has the right to be negligent to a certain extent.

If a drunken person deliberately lay down in the middle of Piccadilly a driver must exercise care so as not to run over that person.

Might we ask Sir William Byrne to explain (a) How on earth a driver is to tell whether a pedestrian is deaf or not; (b) What constitutes "reasonable care"? (c) What does and does not constitute negligence in a pedestrian? and (d) What brief Sir William holds for drunken persons in Piccadilly—and why?

* * *

Sensible Worms.

The humble worm has lately been engaging the earnest attention and study of Professor R. M. Yerkes, of the Psychological Department of Harvard College. This earnest scientist has been confining innocent "angle-worms" in a glass dish, the latter possessing two dark holes, one a regular earth cavity, and the other containing a mildly charged electric battery. Having noticed that the worms, after experiencing a shock in attempting to enter the latter, started with commendable promptitude to negotiate the former, Professor Yerkes has discovered that the "angle-worm" can think and remember. The Professor is said to be contemplating a series of similar experiments on mice, guinea-pigs, and so forth.

Possibly, as a true son of the Stars and Stripes, this remarkable experimentalist will make similar investigation as to the presence, or lack, of intelligence in an "effete British aristocracy."

* * *

Crisis in South Africa.

There are signs and portents that ominous happenings are imminent, of which several clear thinkers—*Modern Man* not the least of them—have from time to time warned a supinely optimistic Government and country. There is open rivalry just now in South Africa between General Botha, who has just lately resigned from the Cabinet, and General Hertzog, the Minister of Justice, whose appeals to the racial passions of the Boer farmer element led to the former's secession.

The rank and file of the Dutch people are strongly in favour of General Hertzog's views, declaring that they would regain their independence to-morrow if they could. It is feared—to use the words of a close and guarded phrased student of South African politics—that "the gap between the British and the Dutch" may "widen to the gravest degree."

There was never greater need than now for Britons to act on their King's exhortation, "Wake up, England!"

* * *

A mutiny started at Camp Hill Prison because tobacco was withdrawn from one of the prisoners. The authorities found it necessary to "weed" out all the rebels.

* * *

Sphinx Faces.

In declaring that "This is the age of the Sphinx face," a writer in the *Daily Mail* explains that "Inscrutability lies in the knitted brow." Is this due, perchance, to Fortune's crochets?

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE TIDE."

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL CLASSES.

ANOTHER ROYAL SCANDAL.

ROMANCE OF A YACHTING TRIP.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES ON THE INCREASE.

Since our remarkable article last week, dealing with the morganatic marriage of the Czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, in which we announced our intention of dealing further with the subject of morganatic marriages, an additional romantic episode has been placed upon the rapidly lengthening list of Royal *mésalliances.*

Archduchess and a Sailor.

In this instance, the Royal Family is that of Austria, and the reckless renouncer of rank and rights for the sake of love is a woman, and not a man. The romance we are

Archduchess Eleonora of Austria.

putting before our readers this week centres around the Archduchess Eleonora, the eldest daughter of the Archduke Karl Stephan. She is engaged to marry an untitled person—one who, in England, would be described as belonging to the "middle classes"—a Naval Lieutenant named Alfons von Kloss.

Increasing Spirit of Revolt.

In the story of the Royal lady's attachment for the young sailor, and of his, at first, merely loyal, and afterwards, lover-like devotion to her, we find all the elements of a real-life romance. And at the same time we find one of the strongest possible endorsements of our contention that an increasing spirit of revolt is springing up in almost every Royal Family against a tyrannical Monarchical system of marriages, which strangles love at its birth, and rears in its stead the monster of lifelong unhappiness. Here is the story:—

A slight, graceful, very attractive, and accomplished woman of twenty-six, the Archduchess Eleonora has for years shown a strong disinclination for the restrictions of Court life. Her two younger sisters broke the order of precedence in marriage by becoming married before her; and this deviation from the usual Court rule caused much surprise. One of the sisters married Prince Radziwill, and the other Prince Czartoryski, two princes of the highest rank, and from the monarchical point of view eminently satisfactory as husbands. But their elder sister, the Archduchess Eleonora, remained unmarried—not even engaged—and people wondered why. Now they know.

Kept it a Secret.

The maxim, *Amor vincit Omnia*, was once again borne out. Love had battered at the stubborn gates of Royal procedure—and won. Eleonora was ready—nay, glad—to forfeit titles, dignity, rank, and rights for the sake of the man she loved.

Four years ago, Lieutenant von Kloss was attached to the Archduke Karl Stephan's yacht in the capacity of commander; and on this yacht the Archduchess Eleonora used to accompany her father on many a cruise in the Adriatic Sea. She saw very much of the young commander—he was then only tweny-eight to her twenty-two—but nobody even suspected the strong attachment which was rapidly springing up between the two. It was not long before both were deeply in love; but they managed to keep the fact a secret for a long time.

Struck with Consternation.

At last, however, the Archduchess told her parents outright that she wished to marry Lieutenant von Kloss. As may be imagined, her father and mother were struck with consternation, and put all possible obstacles in their daughter's way; but the young Archduchess stood firm. She announced that she would either marry the man of her choice or remain single all her life. Finally, her parents played their trump card.

Would she, they asked, relinquish her standing and rights as a member of the House of Hapsburg? She would—willingly. So the Archduke, her father, could take no other course than to use his influence with the Emperor Francis Joseph. After some delay, intended as a test of the young lovers' affections, the aged Emperor consented, subject to the abandonment by the Archduchess of her Royal rank. The betrothal was celebrated at the Archduke Karl Stephan's country residence in Poland; and the wedding is expected to take place privately next month.

Absolute Unselfish Devotion.

What more proof can we have than this Royal girl's absolutely unselfish devotion to her "commoner" lover, of the truth that when a Royal personage really loves, the man or the woman comes out in him or her fully as strongly as is the case with every other class of society? When a Royal princess is found willing to reduce herself to that of a man whose status ranks lower than a knight, and to forfeit not only titles, but lands and fortune, too, we need little more to make us realise what princes and princesses—nay, we might even say kings and queens—will do at the command of love.

Emperor's Message to a Youth.

Several instances were given last week of Royal personages who have revolted against the rigours of the Monarchical system as regards marriage, and now we provide two more cases.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, fell in love with the Countess Chotel.

When the Archduke's uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph, heard of his nephew's infatuation he sent for the Archduke and pointed out the advisability of the youth allying himself with a princess of one of the European royal houses.

"If you persist in your love for this woman," said the Emperor, "you will forfeit your right to succeed to the throne of Austria. The line of succession shall be changed, and the Archduke Karl shall become my heir."

In spite of this threat, the heir to the throne married the Countess in 1900 and relinquished all claim to the Austro-Hungarian succession.

Later, however, the aged Emperor relented and declared the ardent Archduke as his successor.

Chance Meeting at Reception.

Another Austrian royalty who chose the man she loved was the Archduchess Elizabeth, the favourite granddaughter of the Emperor.

She first met Otto von Windisch-Gratz at a reception, and by degrees their acquaintance ripened into love.

The etiquette of the Austrian Court forbade young Otto from incurring the Princess's displeasure by proposing, but Elizabeth surmounted the difficulty by proposing herself.

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA, "SIN," TO-DAY.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Since our paragraph in these columns some weeks ago, about a Richmond (Surrey) shop, where messages on telegrams conveying obscene suggestions were shown in the window, we are pleased to note that all such "exhibits" have been removed.

* * *

We have heard highly discreditable information regarding a certain Norfolk farmer who is said to have raised some almost abnormally plump and well-grown turkeys for the Christmas market. The food he gives them, nevertheless, is said to produce diseased rather than healthy fatness; and we can hardly recommend the birds in question to the public.

* * *

Is not a certain retired naval lieutenant rather sorry now that he recently married a young lady of dubious reputation, in view of a remarkable incident, some nights ago, at a West End music-hall?

* * *

Who was the "Captain J. Willis" who shot himself in a Paris hotel some days ago, in the company of "Miss Lily Allen," a thirty-five-year-old woman, supposed to be a German, who also shot herself?

* * *

Why is the management of a West End pantomime, largely controlled by Israelites, deducting 4d. per week, instead of 3d., from the chorus girls' salaries, for the purposes of the Insurance Act?

* * *

Who is the nobleman of whom it is being whispered in Court circles that neither the King nor the Queen will ever honour him with a visit again? And if there is any foundation for the story, what is the reason for their Majesties' displeasure?

* * *

Whose was the voice which rang up a famous divine on the telephone the other afternoon, with no other object than to inform the reverend gentleman that he was "a ——— old fool"?

* * *

What is a very famous Rugby three-quarter going to receive from his club as a Christmas present? Having heard rumours that it will take the form of money, we hope, for the player's sake, that this will not be the case.

* * *

Why did an elderly individual, who looked rather "over the odds," slap another man hard over the face, in a well-known resort of the racing fraternity, close to Charing Cross, last Monday night? And in view of the fact that the other could have knocked him senseless, had he wished, would it not be better for the elderly individual to refrain from looking for trouble in future?

* * *

Who is the actress who "let" her flat, while she was on tour, to a male acquaintance? And what were her feelings, on returning, to find that in her absence he had improved the shining hour by appropriating and pawning a fur coat of hers, worth 150 guineas?

* * *

Who was the highly-connected man who recently stole a gold-mounted clock from a friend's house, in which he was staying on a visit? And as the friend did not prosecute, what alternative satisfaction did he claim?

* * *

Why has a young daughter of a noble Scottish house broken off her engagement with an officer of a well-known line regiment? Has it anything to do with a letter she received the other day, addressed in a feminine handwriting and bearing a Woolwich postmark? And, if so, has the officer in question considered the advisability of sending in his papers?

* * *

What has a certain West End credit bookmaker, whose advertisements lay great stress on fair dealing, no limit, etc., to say with regard to several complaints now being made against him by certain clients, who declare that they cannot recover small sums due to them, most of which sums are less than £10?

Who is the ingenious youth who is now wiring off to bookmakers, just before a race, backing every horse in that race, then waylaying the telegraph messenger, and under the pretence of being the bookmaker's clerk, taking the wires from him? The subsequent procedure is to open the wires carefully, discarding all but the one backing the winner, which latter, however, is dropped into the bookie's letter-box. How long will it be before the penciller discovers the dodge?

* * *

Why is it that the West End police so persistently refuse to notice—far less take into custody—a well-dressed clean-shaven man with an aquiline nose and one gold front-tooth, who is invariably to be found incapably drunk in the Haymarket when a certain public-house closes at night?

* * *

We wonder whether a certain West End musical comedy manager is aware that one of his recently engaged chorusmen is in reality a go-between, acting on behalf of a rival manager, with the object of persuading the leading lady to leave the company and join that of the rival at a greatly increased salary?

* * *

Why does a West End publican, whose premises are situated opposite two notorious blocks of flats, tolerate the presence in his house of several men, who are well known to be living on the earnings of the women in those flats? These men are discouraged at neighbouring bars—and we suggest that the licensee in question should follow suit.

* * *

Ought not the management of a lounge bar, not a thousand miles from Rupert Street, W., to warn casual customers that on a fair average about 75 per cent. of the regular frequenters of the place have served varying terms of imprisonment for different forms of fraud?

* * *

There is no frost at the time of writing; but in being seen out so often in the evening with a seventeen-year-old girl member of his congregation, a South-East London Nonconformist preacher is skating on very thin ice.

* * *

The Wrong Room.

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XXIII.—AN EFFORT AT REALISM.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

"If you would succour a friend and at the same time do yourself a considerable service, you will implicitly obey the following instructions, regardless of either safety or convenience. On Sunday morning next you will take the eleven-fifty train for Bromford, Essex; arriving there you will take field-path for Cumcorth, and at end of fourth field you strike drive which leads left to house; on arrival at house you may expect to know more.—(Signed) A Well-wisher."

Such was the mysterious communication which reached Dunlop Kane at his rooms one night. It had been posted at Bromford at noon that morning. He showed it to his friend Jack Robo, who had a flat in the same block of mansions, and who happened to look in a few minutes after the post had been delivered.

"What do you think of that?" asked Kane.

Robo had the sleek uncouthness of a retriever, with coal-black hair, dreamy eyes, and a mouth perpetually solemn, which Nature without a doubt had intended to be humorous. He read the letter deliberately and handed it back unmoved. "Some joker pulling your leg," he said. "Put it in the fire."

"It may be so," agreed Kane; "and certainly that's the orthodox manner of dealing with an anonymous letter. But it strikes me as rather ungrateful. Here we have an invitation to adventure, a golden-hued ray of light in an otherwise drab existence. I like this letter—it titillates the fancy, claps spurs to the imagination——"

"I beg your pardon?" interrupted Robo.

"I'm using the appropriate terms of romance. And we should be churlish indeed if we refused to take advantage of it."

"Not no much of the 'we,'" said Robo. "It's your letter, not mine."

"What are you doing next Sunday morning, Robo?"

"I'm not going to Bromford—if that's what you mean. So consider that as settled."

"Why not?" asked Kane.

"There was something said about safety. I'm really not a coward, old chap, but I'm horribly discreet. It's kept me out of no end of messes. You go alone, and I'll stay at home and write your obituary notice."

"Stuff!" laughed Kane. "I believe it's that hint of risk which lends it additional attractiveness."

"You're like a woman," grumbled Robo. "Give you but the hint of a secret and you'll never rest satisfied till you've run the beast to earth."

"I'm Irish," said Kane."

"You may be," said Robo, "but it's not your fault. Anyhow, I'm not going. Rule me out. As a matter of fact," he added, mysteriously, "I've already fixed up what I'm going to do next Sunday."

When, on that particular Sabbath, Dunlop Kane was about to set out to catch the 11.50 for Bromford, he left Robo in the wood-paved courtyard, busily engaged in oiling his motor-bike.

* * *

It was a bright cold morning when he alighted at Bromford. Bromford was a small wayside station, about a mile away from the village of the same name. The foot-path to Cumcorth he found after inquiry of a porter.

As he strode along the wavering track which ran like a ribbon through the sleeping silent fields, he was not concerning himself much about the object of his visit. It was one of those exhilarating days when the blood courses freely through the veins and the mere motion of legs is a happiness in itself. He began to sing as he went along, with his clear-blue eyes fixed dreamily on distance.

He passed through a turnstile which led him into undulating parkland, and it was the sudden knowledge that he had come upon a broad gravel drive which cut across the path at right-angles, which made him halt in his steps and look back along the way he had come. He had forgotten to count the fields, but this without a doubt was the "drive" alluded to in the communication which had brought him hither. On the right it ran straightly up to iron gates giving access to a road; and on the left it reached, with a graceful curve, the pillared steps of a handsome old greystone mansion. Smoke issued from the chimneys; the gravel bore tracks of many a recent motor-wheel.

Here was occupation then, and evident respectability—none of that dirty work in a secluded manor which all lovers of fiction are so well familiar with. Further speculation was vain, however. He had no friends in Bromford, and could call none to mind who resided in the district. He merely hoped that his welcome would be worthy of the day, and the abilities of the cook not inferior to either. Innate optimism made him confident of dinner.

As he drew nearer his experienced eye detected that the windows were cheaply curtained and in somewhat doubtful taste. And his second qualm of doubt was when the door was opened by a liveried manservant, presumably old, but with unmistakable indications that his venerable grey hair was a wig. Kane gave him his name, and was respectfully requested to enter. Only for a moment did Kane hesitate. He had no enemies, so far as he knew. His was the serenity of mind which sprang from a faith in mankind like the shining armour of a knight of chivalry. A gentle grinding noise reached his ears as he stepped into the spacious hall.

"If your honour will be so good as to wait," said the servant, with a reasuring Irish accent.

So Kane waited.

"If your honour will be so good as to step this way," said the servant, returning, and unobtrusively relieving him of his hat and stick. Kane silently followed him with the shadow of a smile on his lips.

He was ushered into a room which was furnished but apparently empty. But only apparently. For immediately on passing the threshold he felt arms wound about him, and a hand clapped over his mouth, and a number of agitated legs playing violent tricks with his own.

The six-feet-two of good-tempered tolerance which usually comprised Kane was transformed on the instant into a surprising vehicle of destructiveness.

He ejaculated "Arrah!" in the astonishment of the moment, then patiently freed his arms, and, finding two collars, brought the owners inside them in contact. He heaved with his back and something fell off. Again, and another man pitched forward. He stamped with his foot and rejoiced at the consequent yelp. Then his assailants were at him again, urged on by an excited voice.

Kane picked up the smallest of the attackers, and, holding him by pants and collar, used him dexterously as a buffer. He was mightily alight, and derisive when he scored. The excited voice became penetrant and protesting.

"Kane, you mad idiot! Steady on with that fellow! Do you want to smash his head? Put him down, you fool!"

The accents took the form of a voice that was familiar. Kane laughed aloud.

"So it's you, Robo! Bless your old face, whatever brings you here? Nice sort of hospitality, I don't think!"

He made of his burden a projectile and pitched it at a screened thing which occupied one corner. From behind the screen came smashing and healthy human expletives.

"Of all the infernal cheek!" said Kane. He was standing untouched now, but Robo was filling the air with lamentations.

"You've spoilt the whole damn thing! Here have I gone to inordinate trouble to get a real live fight for my picture drama, and you've upset the camera and ruined the blessed films! Besides all that, it was necessary that you should be bound and gagged." He continued at great length. This was the first that Kane had heard that Robo was connected with a picture-producing firm.

(Another complete story next week.)

THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

M.P.'S & THEIR INACTION.

Readers and Hire Purchase Sharks.

The apparent indifference of Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., and Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., to a question of the greatest importance to the industrial classes of this country, viz., the Hire Furnishing System, shown up in *Modern Man* last week, has by no means added credit to their fair names. On the contrary, their silence has occasioned not only intense amazement, but something approaching disgust.

"To say that I was very much surprised to hear of the inaction of Mr. Crooks and Mr. Bowerman is putting it very mildly," writes a London reader, who some time ago appears to have been a victim of a Hire Furnishing shark. "You will remember my name, because I wrote you when you first took up the subject, supporting you in your action, and when you laid before your readers your plan, by which I feel fairness all round could be secured, I really thought, now something will be done. Hire Furnishers are not all sharks, and I believe that there are many who would readily accept as fair any legally enforced clause for the return to the hirer, in the event of distraint, of 75 per cent. of the full amount paid.

"At present the system is a wretched scandal, and, as you say, Parliament must be active. Keep at it, Mr. Editor, and if Messrs. Bowerman and Crooks are indifferent I feel certain there will be those in the House who will see that your idea is a fine one for settling a question responsible for so much domestic misery.

"I read with interest that Mr. Blair, the new Unionist M.P., replied to your letter, and perhaps he will show the older members what ought to be done in the matter. Don't relax your efforts. You have put forward a capital solution to a vexed problem, and I hope you will continue to drive it home until the necessary action has been taken."

Modern Man does not intend to drop the subject. There are 670 members in the House of Commons, and among the M.P.'s are men who can recognise a good opportunity for a reform when it is brought under notice.

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS.

Information from Stageland.

Mr. Gibbons has denied, in toto, any knowledge of his alleged impending chairmanship of the Moss Empires. Let it be remembered, however, that his resignation from the variety interests now known as the Gulliver Circuit was denied with equal vigour!

* * *

With all my heart I hope he is pulling our legs again, as it is really too bad for the man who gave us the Palladium to maintain a masterly inactivity when he should be in the prime of a senior administration of variety powers.

* * *

The characterisation in Galsworthy's "Eldest Son" at the Kingsway is superb. There is, for instance, a study by Miss Mary Deverell typifying the modern feminine adolescent which is not to be excelled for many a long day.

* * *

Mr. Louis Meyer, a new theatrical force of positively dynamic energy, is shortly staging for us at the Strand a production to be entitled "Nicely, thanks." Sounds like another revue, I'm afraid.

* * *

Re-visiting "The Open Door," at the Lyceum, and "Everywoman," at the Lane, not long since, I was very much struck with the fact that if the modern playwright wishes you to infer straight away that any given young person has lost or is about to lose her honour ("All that a woman holds most precious," etc.—you know the old stunt!) he makes her climb on to the adjacent buffet or dinner-table all among the champagne bottles and epergnes and edibles!

So if, in the pardonable exuberance due to an influx of Christmas spirit which overtakes the most dignified of us during the festive season, you *should* observe your maiden aunt betraying symptoms of a desire to stroll among the jellies and smilax, take her aside gently and point out that as many of your guests are ardent playgoers the very worst possible construction would be placed upon such an indiscretion!

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

Plenty of money is wanted not only at Christmas but always, and our Football Skill Competition will provide it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues on Saturday, December 28th, and for the prize of **£250** you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose.** Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of **£250.** In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results **£25** will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, December 28. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 9 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, December 27. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 9.

Matches to be played on Saturday, December 28th. Cross out —in ink— the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BRADFORD CITY	v.	ASTON VILLA.
CHELSEA	v.	BOLTON WANDERERS.
EVERTON	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v.	TOTTENHAM.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v.	NOTTS COUNTY.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	PRESTON NORTH END
GRIMSBY TOWN	v.	BURY.
LEEDS CITY	v.	FULHAM.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	LEICESTER FOSSE.
BLACKPOOL	v.	HULL CITY
GLOSSOP	v.	BURNLEY
SOUTHAMPTON	v.	MILLWALL
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v.	BRISTOL ROVERS
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	SWINDON
COVENTRY CITY	v.	WEST HAM

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

DEVOTE A LITTLE TIME NOW TO FILLING IN COUPONS?

FIRST FROST AND SNOW.

Ideal Days of Winter Sunshine.

There is something strangely fascinating about the definite changes which come so irregularly in English weather. Rain and wind we always have with us; at least they are never far away. But in the case of the less permanent "samples," of which our weather is said to be composed, there is always a welcome for them.

A Pleasant Feeling.

Though a heavy fall of snow during the night may mean endless inconvenience to us during our daily work, there is a pleasing feeling experienced when one realises that the first snow has fallen. A curious dead white light, that is not usually there, streams through the blinds. It is a light that only snow can cause.

And when one has the courage to struggle out of bed into the much chillier atmosphere, and look out upon the land, or the housetops, as the case may be, there is all the excitement of looking upon a new scene; or at least, a scene that has for a very long time been unfamiliar.

More pleasant still is it to watch the first fall of thin, dry snow, from a vague, hard, dark, grey-blue cloud on a bleak winter afternoon.

The first frost gives a similar curious pleasure. The iced and patterned window panes, the hard knobs and ridges of mud in the roads that were yesterday soft and sloppy; the white fields, through which the green of grass appears only here and there—all these are for a brief space new, and therefore attractive, experiences.

It is the same in spring when the first scent of reviving Nature comes on a soft mild wind; or in summer, when the first thunder-storm breaks in all its ever-new majesty.

Crispness in the Air.

But just now it is frost and snow; and there can be scarcely a sign of either before the question is asked: Will it last? On the answer to that much hangs.

There is nothing with quite the same exhilarating effect as a walk on a bright frosty morning. The crispness in the air seems to affect every creature. There is a livelier movement among the birds, and here and there one hears a snatch of song from wren or robin or hedgesparrow, which are almost the only birds that do more than utter brief single call notes in our winters.

If the night has been misty, the morning is more glorious than ever. A thin rime is worked on all the delicate tracery of twigs in the bare trees.

And when the sun rises to the meagre height of his winter power there comes a wonderful change. The faint mists are dispersed, and the grey-white trees begin to drip and drip. Thin strips of rime fall from the twigs, in miniature snow showers, to the leaf-strewn ground with a dry, rustling sound infinitely pleasant and like no other sound.

Then the branches begin to grow black again as they are stripped of rime, and against the clearing and brightening sky their wet branches shine and glisten as the melted frost runs off them.

A Day of Surprises.

The surface of the ground becomes soft and slippery, and travelling flocks of birds settle down with better prospect of finding food.

Every hour of such days as this should be spent out of doors. It is a fine tonic to get out the bicycle and pedal easily along the lanes, between hedges sparkling with moisture and hung with shimmering gossamer all dew-laden.

There is no end to the surprises of such a day. The brief warmth sends a thrill through many sleeping creatures. Often in a sheltered corner of a lane, or above some pond surrounded by shrubs, one can see companies of dancing gnats enjoying a spell of life in the still air.

There is a short, ideal hour at sundown when the stillness is wonderful. The western sky is serene and glowing, and out of the pale blue green above there gleams the fine white point of the first star. Cottage chimneys send up straight columns of blue wood smoke, and we make a mental note of the fact, for it is said in rural philosophy to mean a fine day to-morrow.

Sharp without Warning.

But night falls suddenly, and the air becomes sharp without any warning. By the time one gets back to the familiar gate and dismounts, one's ears are tingling, and the hands are a little numbed from holding the handles.

TERRITORIAL SHORTAGE.

An Interesting German Opinion.

It is not to be wondered at (writes "L.K.U.") that the vigorous article which appeared in *Modern Man* on the question of the serious numerical shortage in the Territorial Army has occasioned a considerable amount of discussion amongst readers and amongst the rank and file of the Territorials. The figures were so sweeping and unquestionable.

I have discussed the absorbing topic with officers of the Territorial Force, and have met with some hesitancy to express an opinion on the serious position which faces us, but to such as have unburdened themselves to me on the point there is a consensus of belief that the inherent love of sport, to the exclusion even of patriotic sentiment, is largely responsible for the apathy which exists and which consequently has its unfortunate effect on recruiting.

Love of Personal Liberty.

This week I also had the opportunity of discussing the matter with an ex-German cavalry officer, and he considered that the principal reason for the shortage was that it was not in the English character to be ordered about by somebody else. The Englishman's love of personal liberty and freedom was carried to the extent that he preferred to sacrifice even patriotism to it.

"There is no other excuse possible," he said vehemently, "because a man who once joins must from that moment cease the desire for personal liberty. He must follow implicitly the judgment of his superior officers and obey without question, no matter what the cost."

It was necessary, he said, to awaken in England a feeling of genuine respect for the men of the Regular and Territorial Forces, as defenders of their rights, homes and fortunes.

Doubt About Conscription.

"I should say that conscription in England, as things are now, will never come about," he added. "The Englishman believes that his time is wasted if he does not start earning money at sixteen years of age. If conscription were to come, it would help thousands of young English lads to become magnificent soldiers, because the average Englishman is a strong, well-built fellow of clean habits. But to bring about conscription would mean that the whole English life would have to be changed."

It would be interesting now to have a specific answer from a Territorial officer on the question.

Our Fur Note: "Bearskin."

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" SHOULD APPEAL TO EVERYBODY.

FINALITY.

By A. G. Storm.

Tom Brett, coming out of the club-house of the Saulby Athletic Club, stood debating for a few moments which way he should go home. The road was the nearest, but the fields promised a walk and the night was moon-lit and cold.

He was a puddler at the local foundry.

He strode along briskly, his rubber-soled shoes making practically no sound on the hard frozen path. Hence his approach was unnoticed by a couple of young lovers, who, on the other side of a stile, were in the shadow of a tree against which they were both leaning.

The dress and suit broke apart as Tom Brett vaulted the stile.

"Hullo!" muttered the man, on seeing who it was; and Tom Brett, abruptly halting, stared hard, first at the girl, who was confused and breathing fast, and then at Phil Sellars, the man who was his friend.

He did not speak.

"That you, Tom?" said Sellars lamely; "I didn't hear yer coming." He would have added more, but there was something in the rigidity of the big dark figure which advised him it would be well to be silent.

Tom Brett, with shoulders bunched and fists thrust deep into his coat pockets, stood watching the girl from under drawn-down brows. "You," he said slowly. "My wench!" And he gave a sudden indescribable laugh.

She shrank under the sound of it, as though she had been lashed. He added no more, but strode on blindly into the open country, his head thrust forward, legs unsteady beneath him.

It was very late when he reached the town.

He made straight for the house where Sellars had his lodging, and, judging the place in darkness, flung a stone through his bedroom window. Phil Sellars protruded his head and wanted to know what the devil was the matter.

"Come down," said Tom Brett.

"Why, be that you, Tom? What dya think you're doing? You've smashed the blanked glass."

"Come down," said Brett.

"If it was that matter of to-night, there's nothing to it. I was merely having a bit of a cod with her."

"Come down," said Tom Brett for the third time.

Phil Sellars came down. They stood face to face in the stone-flagged kitchen—Sellars in shirt and trousers, Tom Brett dark and immovable. A silence fell—a silence which frightened.

"Ye knew ye were going to meet Maggie to-night when ye promised me faithful ye'd see me at the club," said Brett, not a question, but an accusation.

"I didn't," lied Sellars. "I ——" Then he broke out desperately: "What tha hell has it got to do with you, anyway? If she likes me better, what tha hell has it got to do with you?" His voice trailed weakly.

"You're a dirty dog, Phil," said Tom Brett, without change of tone. "That's what I came here to tell you. You're a dirty dog."

Phil Sellars made a twitching movement in his direction. His hands knotted. His cheeks were suffused with blood.

But he did not attempt anything. The black quietness of that steady glower appalled him.

"A thrice dirty dog," went on Tom Brett quietly, "for letting a chap tell you so, and not bashing his front teeth."

Phil Sellars made a feeble gesture, as though to indicate that he was improperly clad and physically no match for the other. But he dared not speak. Instinct told him that on the least provocation Tom Brett would smash him to the ground.

A low savage laugh broke slowly from Tom Brett's lips. He spat in Sellars' face and gently laughed again.

He turned at the door with a strange shine upon his face. "Mark me," he said, with the working lips of impressiveness, "ye'll burn under the shame of your cowardice this night from now to your dying day."

Then he went out.

Hearty congratulations have been tendered to Dr. Hale Edwards upon the successful issue of the litigation in which he has been involved. Four years ago he was awarded a Civil List pension for his services in the application of X-rays to surgery. During his investigations he lost both hands by burns.

THE UNFAIR SEX.

Pressing Question for the Tradesman.

A large firm of Holborn drapers have lost a suit for the recovery of a debt which was indisputably due.

The facts are briefly as follows. A married woman purchased from the firm in question certain articles for which she was unable to pay. The firm thereupon sued the husband. In court he proved that he gave his wife a dress allowance proportionate to his income and to her social position. This being all that the law demands, the judge was regretfully compelled to non-suit the plaintiffs.

Becoming More and More Acute.

Year by year this question of married women and credit becomes more and more acute. Where a wife buys goods for herself and credit is given to the husband, then he is liable, and that although she may have money of her own and have enjoyed the use of the goods. But in cases such as the one we have quoted, the shop-keeper is absolutely without redress.

What is he to do? He may be well aware that she is a married woman and that she is living with her husband. But he cannot, of course, ask bluntly whether or no she has her husband's authority to pledge his credit. Such a course would mean the immediate loss of one who may be a perfectly honest as well as a profitable customer.

On the other hand, should he fail to do so, he may find too late that the husband has been in the habit of providing her with a sufficient allowance, and may have forbidden her to pledge his credit.

If the wife be living part from her husband, the tradesman's case is still worse, for it is almost certain that she is then in receipt of an allowance which will legally extinguish his liability for necessaries. If the separation has been caused through her own action or fault, then the law gives her no power to bind him, even for necessaries.

Jewellers Lose £50,000 Yearly.

That women as a whole are dishonest it would be as foolish as unkind to assert. At the same time it is perfectly evident that there are plenty of them who are well aware of the present state of the law and who profit accordingly.

Ask any West End tradesman, and you will hear the same story. Milliners, costumiers and jewellers are the principal sufferers, and jewellers alone declare that they lose £50,000 a year in unpaid bills. Not long ago a woman, after ordering expensive bangles, rings and a jewelled muff chain from an Oxford Street jeweller, told the latter to send the bill to her husband. He wrote saying that he had forbidden his wife to pledge his credit nearly a year ago, and formally declined to settle the bill. The unfortunate jeweller has been unable to get either his money or his goods.

There is really nothing to prevent an unscrupulous woman from obtaining an article worth £500 in this dishonest fashion, and it would be almost impossible for the tradesman to recover it.

First Case Two Centuries Ago.

It is no less than two and a half centuries since the first case of the kind came before the court of the King's Bench, when a Mr. Manby sued Sir Edward Scott for much silk and velvet supplied the Lady Scott. He lost his case, and so has many another mercer who has appealed for assistance to our faulty law. And to-day we have West End tradesmen combining to save themselves from being swindled by society women.

No ordinary methods are of avail in the case of collecting debts from married women. The property of these ladies is generally settled upon themselves, and they can only be made bankrupt in the event of "trading separately from their husbands." And a married woman cannot be imprisoned for debt because she is in law the property of her husband.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously.

An old pastor present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."

LONDON READER WINS "FIRSTS AND LASTS" PREMIER PRIZE.

CHRISTMAS FOOTBALL.

Teams and Their Prospects.

The first thing that struck me on learning the result of the draw for the first round proper of the English Cup was that January 11th, 1913, is going to be a great day for the Metropolis, and that our half-dozen teams drawn at home are singularly fortunate in that, with one exception, they are not called upon to oust a local combination from the competition. The exception is the meeting of Croydon Common and Woolwich, which, after all, does not matter a great deal since no one, not even their own supporters, have very great hopes that Croydon will ever appear at the Palace.

It is by no means certain that Fulham will get the better of Hull City, and there is no denying the fact that Millwall have a pretty tough proposition in Middlesbrough.

Of the London teams drawn away, Queen's Park Rangers will not experience many sleepless nights, since they have only very moderate opposition, but both West Ham and Clapton Orient will be more than a little lucky should either of them enter the second round. It is indeed unfortunate for the Orient that they should be drawn against Sunderland, as if they are beaten—and there is no reason to suppose that the Wearsiders will be equal to it—it will be the second year in succession that they have gone out in the initial round

Aston Villa's Task.

Of the provincial matches, one of the most attractive will be that between Derby County and Aston Villa. The latter team is one I have spoken of as likely to contest the final, but I quite recognise that they have anything but an easy task on hand, and will have to be at their very best if they hope to come out victorious.

There is a heavy list of games for the ensuing week. This particular period of the season is more dreaded by some teams, especially those amongst the last half dozen of the First Division than any other, particularly if any of those teams happen to be in financial straits, since an injury to any of their best players whom they are unable to replace is likely to make all the difference between relegation and safety.

Take, for instance, Woolwich Arsenal, who, besides being pretty badly off financially, are also in an almost hopeless position in the League. Despite this apparently hopeless position, there is just a chance that should the fates which have been more than unkind to them of late, take a turn, they might be able to retrieve themselves; whereas, on the other hand, an injury to any of their more prominent players would render their position more hopeless than ever, since they have no reserve talent anything like good enough to deputise effectively.

Chelsea's Erratic Form.

On Christmas Day the Arsenal entertain Notts County, and the next day journey to Meadow Lane to play the return; whilst on Saturday they have to be home again to meet Liverpool. I do not anticipate that they will get more than two points out of these three games.

I fancy the "Spurs" will get out of the rut a little, but I am not so optimistic about Chelsea, who are showing erratic form at present.

In the Second Division, Birmingham should strengthen their position, and Burnley should certainly be knocking about at the top at the end of the week. Preston North End, who I predicted at the beginning of the season would not be long in getting back into the premier division, are going strong to that end, and if they do not gain ground this week should certainly not lose any.

The Palace will have a pretty tough job to maintain their position at the top of the Southern League this week, seeing that they have to meet Millwall twice, and Swindon.

Reading may also find some difficulty in keeping their place, and it would not surprise me to see Queen's Park Rangers, who have perhaps the easiest task of the first four, occupying their old position at the top next Saturday evening.

It is, of course, possible that we shall be confronted with all sorts of surprising results during the week, and I am allowing for this when I anticipate that the teams to enter the new year at the top of their respective Leagues will be Manchester City, Birmingham and Queen's Park Rangers.

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE OLD, OLD ONCE AGAIN WISH.

It is true I have already extended to my thousands of readers my best wishes for the brightest and merriest of Christmases, but it now gives me the greatest possible pleasure to do so again. But, please, do not for one moment imagine it is because I feel I can do it better or more whole-heartedly than I did in my bumper Yuletide number. No, it is simply due to the fact that the day after to-morrow *is* Christmas Day, and by the time I have the next opportunity of communicating with my friends the festive season will have passed into a memory—I sincerely trust a very pleasant memory to one and all—and everyone will be waiting to bid adieu to the old and welcome the new—1913.

A few days from now thousands of people will be framing in their own minds resolutions for the new year, while others, perhaps, will gain respite from some bond or decision come to, say, six or twelve months ago.

Of resolutions I intend to have more to say next week, so that on this point I will now be brief, except to throw out to those of my readers who have not yet availed themselves of all the opportunities afforded them, the advice that, in their case, to resolve to forecast and compile Firsts and Lasts is worthy of every consideration.

* * *

WHAT THE "MODERN MAN" OFFERS YOU.

As I pointed out last week, quite a number of substantial money prizes have now been secured by readers all over the country, and, although in the case of the Football Competition, no competitor has so far succeeded in winning our big premier prize of £250, I fully expect before the end of the season being able to heartily congratulate one, if not more, lucky first.

The *Modern Man* football competition, free to all able to enter, is a very big success; but knowing the gigantic numerical strength of my readers, it can be made even more so. As I have already mentioned, each week sees a tremendous increase in the number of coupons sent in, but what I want to feel—bearing in mind my comment on strength—is that every one of my readers is taking a keen interest in it. Better late than never; so *all* should come in now, without any further delay. Why shouldn't *you* win the £250?

As regards "Firsts and Lasts," here again readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with big prizes. It is undeniably a very fascinating pastime, and I am desirous of seeing my readers also make this a big thing.

The whole amount received from readers is being distributed, and every First and Last receives the most careful consideration. During the Christmas *you* might see what *you* can do, and also get some of your friends to participate.

* * *

BURGLARS' WORK AMONG TOMBS.

Following on a recent case of sacrilege, a correspondent has sent me some instances of thefts from graves and churches. Burglars, one night in 1908, cut their way through the great iron gates separating the mausoleum from the Cathedral at Copenhagen, and made a careful selection of the most valuable wreaths from the tombs of the late King Christian and Queen Louise.

A golden lyre stolen from Queen Louise's tomb was dropped by the burglars in their haste, and outside the Cathedral a number of golden leaves were picked up. The finding of these gave the first intimation of the crime.

The criminals, it was found, had cut the heavy velvet palls to pieces, and no doubt used them as wrappings for their spoil. The men are believed to have been Germans, but they were never caught.

Another robbery which created extraordinary excitement was that of a golden crown from the ancient church which stands on the summit of the island rock of Mont St. Michel, near St. Malo.

In 1875 the Pope decreed the honour of coronation to Saint Michel, and the crown which he had made for the purpose cost no less than £20,000. This was the booty which the thieves carried off.

* * *

I have received the opinions of several readers on the question raised by a Gloucestershire reader last week—"Are Nonconformists more sociable than Churchmen?" and these will be given next week.

To conclude, again I wish my readers a very happy Christmas.

YOUR EDITOR.

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS?

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 24: SIR THOMAS DEWAR.

The subject of our sketch this week is nothing if not an enthusiast. Into business and pleasure he infuses a spirit which is bound to make for success. With Sir Thomas tenacity of purpose is of vital importance, and he makes the most of everything. At present the man who prides himself on the fact that he has got a good deal of enjoyment out of life is away big game hunting, and when he returns he will, in addition to trophies, have cinematograph films to remind him of his latest pursuit of beasts of the forest.

As a boy Sir Thomas was passionately fond of shooting, and with his ferrets and an old muzzle-loader he would have a killing time on the farms belonging to his father.

He used to sell the skins of the rabbits he shot, and disposed of the superfluous ferrets for a consideration. Out of the profits he fed his ferrets with raw meat and his gun with powder and shot. But sometimes the fur and ferret market was dull, and it is said that when this was so Thomas used to purloin lead piping for bullets.

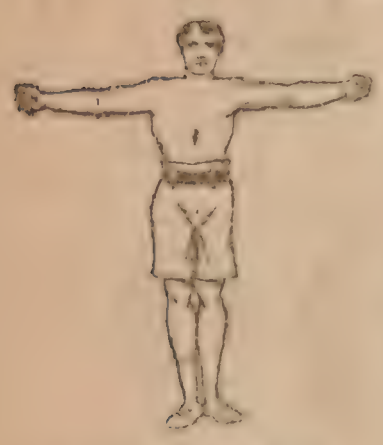
In addition to being well known as a keen business man and an ardent sportsman, Sir Thomas not so very long ago even blossomed forth as a poet. It was in presiding over the ladies' dinner of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, of which he was Master, that he broke into verse. Pointing to the figure representing Adam as the first gardener on the banner of the company, he said:

Here's to the Garden of Eden,
Which Adam was always a-weeding,
Till Eve by mistake got bit by a snake
That on a ripe apple was feeding.
So a longing seemed then to possess her
For clothing sufficient to dress her,
And ever since then it's been the pleasure of men
To pay for her dresses—God bless her.

6/6 FOR NOTHING IS WHAT YOUR EDITOR OFFERS YOU.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



SHOULDER EXERCISE.

In response to the enquiries of several readers, I give this week an extremely simple exercise for the cure of round shoulders, and one that is to be recommended to all beginners at physical culture. Stand erect with the heels together and head up. Clench the fists and place them together on the chest so that the knuckles touch. Throughout the exercise the elbows must be kept as nearly as possible in line with the shoulders.

Now tense all the arm muscles and draw the fists slowly apart until the chest is fully expanded and the hands are above the armpits. Continue the movement by unbending the elbows and bringing the forearms slowly round in front, until eventually the arms are straightened and extended in the position depicted in the sketch above.

Finally exhale and take a deep breath, and then bring the arms slowly round again to the starting position, relax the muscles, and repeat the movement.

It is most important that the arm muscles should be strongly tensed from the time that the fists leave the chest until the time when they are returned to it, and the mind must be concentrated on the work in hand, for it stands to reason that so simple a movement casually and perfunctorily performed will not be of the slightest use.

The wrists should not be straightened until the whole of the rest of the arms is extended.

If properly practised some dozen times a day, this exercise will prove an extremely useful developer and suppler for the wrists, forearms, biceps, and especially the shoulders.

Emergency Bath.

There are times when a man has been indulging in vigorous exercise, and when, on returning to change his clothes, he finds that he has not the energy or the time to take a proper bath.

But in such circumstances it is very foolish to hurry the clothes on anyhow and leave the skin unwashed.

A sponge down even with the towel corner dipped in water is far better than nothing, and it gives an excuse for a rub down that will restore the circulation and keep the pores open.

Do not attempt to rub yourself down without first moistening the skin, so as to remove the sweat. Otherwise the results, besides being painful, will be actually injurious to the pores of the skin.

Colds.

If the blood is in a pure state, it is impossible to catch cold, but the moment the normal temperature of the body is lowered from some cause or other, then chills or colds may be looked for.

It is possible to sit in a draught, get wet through, or chilled to the bone, and yet no ill-effects follow. That is simply due to the fact that the blood is pure, and the body is therefore enabled to withstand the attacks made upon it.

The ordinary individual who foolishly ran these risks would promptly pay for it by sneezing and coughing.

A chill, combined with over-fatigue, reduces vitality and renders the body an easy prey to innumerable diseases.

A gradual hardening process is the wisest course to adopt to defy cold catching. Systematic exercise and plenty of fresh air and cold water are the best safeguards in the world against chills and coughs.

If a chill should be felt or a shivery feeling heralds an approaching cold, take a glass of hot milk with a dash of whisky, and go to bed.

BRIEF REPLIES.

J.B. (Forest Hill).—Indulge in warm baths as often as you like. Hot baths are reducing, if taken too much.

KID (Swansea).—Yes, paraffin is good for the hair, but if you object to the smell, have it specially prepared.

S.J. (Ayr).—Certainly keep up your swimming throughout the winter, but don't overdo it, and take short dips.

L.D. (Cottingham).—Should advise you to consult a doctor.

OVER THE ROPES.

Boxers and Their Doings.

As we confidently anticipated last week, Hughie Mehegan proved easy meat for Freddie Welsh at the National Sporting Club, as right from the start the crafty Welshman went steadily ahead, peppering Mehegan with lightning lefts and rights throughout. He did not hurt the Australian a little bit, but when the latter did happen to land one of his powerful punches, Freddie knew all about it.

In the sixteenth round the men exchanged punch for punch, and in the merry dust-up which ensued Welsh stopped a few wallops with his face, which caused him to revert to his previous clever tactics, and by the end of the twentieth round was well ahead on points.

Freddie has now every right to the lightweight championship of the world, but, like the good little sportsman he is, he would like to settle the matter definitely with Willie Ritchie, whom he has already beaten. It is up to Ritchie now to play the game and give Freddie a match.

* * *

Tom McCormick will probably be matched with Arthur Evernden in the near future, the winner to meet Johnny Summers for the welterweight championship. "Let 'em all come," says Johnny.

* * *

Boxing enthusiasts will welcome the return of Harry Lewis to active business. The popular Yankee middleweight has had a long lay-off, but is now in the full flush of robust health, as Johnny Mathieson will probably find out when the pair meet at the Liverpool Stadium on Boxing Day.

* * *

What is the matter with the Frenchman Grognet, who has now, for the second time, avoided a match with Billy Wells? They were to meet to-night at the Cirque de Paris, but Grognet says he is still indisposed. Oh, Groggy, this is too bad!

* * *

Mr. Tom McCarey, the American promoter, has organised a White Hope tournament out in Los Angeles, and in the first bout Luther McCarthy made a mess of Jim Flynn, the Fighting Fireman, the referee stopping the scramble in the sixteenth round.

HEIGHT INCREASED

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth** of **shoulder**, **general health** and **business personality.** Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no special appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit,** and **no drugs.** PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

BROKEN RESOLUTIONS

are the result of weak Will-Power. Why break yours when you can develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months by a few minutes' daily exercise? The fee for the whole Course (four lessons) is only **2/6** (abroad **6d.** extra). **THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE.** The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. By doing so you will safeguard your good resolutions.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—Last week "Modern Man" Physical Culture Expert said "**The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture is extremely interesting and of great benefit.**"

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

£250 PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

RACING SELECTIONS.

By "The Old Hand."

KEMPTON PARK—Thursday.
Chiswick Selling Hurdle: BILL BANG.
Kempton Park Maiden Steeplechase: FLEETING PEACE.
Christmas Hurdle Handicap: WARFARE.
Hounslow Selling Handicap Steeplechase: GREY LEG IV.
Hampton Steeplechase Handicap: BLACK PLUM.

HOOTON PARK—Thursday.
Sutton Selling Handicap: R.Y.C.
Open Hurdle Race: BRAEMAR.
Cheshire Hurdle Handicap: THE PADDY.

WOLVERHAMPTON—Thursday.
Dunstal Juvenile Hurdle: DALNASPIDAL.
Holiday Selling Hurdle: MOUL MESSER.
Wolverhampton Hurdle Handicap: STUBWOOD.
Shrewsbury Handicap Steeplechase: SHANAWAN.

WOLVERHAMPTON—Friday.
Christmas Handicap Steeplechase: IRISH MAIL.
Bushbury Maiden Hurdle: TOBBER.
Himley Handicap Hurdle: THIRTY-THREE.
Stayer's Selling Steeplechase: BROWN PRINCESS.
Thorneycroft Maiden 'Chase: DISTAFF.

KEMPTON PARK—Friday.
Waterloo Selling Steeplechase: HERCULEAN.
Sunbury Steeplechase Handicap: PREFECT.
Kew Selling Handicap Hurdle: BOUTON ROUGE.
Twickenham Maiden Hurdle Race: DILWYN.
Shepperton Handicap Steeplechase: BEDGROVE.
Mortlake Handicap Hurdle: CABANAS.

CHELTENHAM—Saturday.
Leckhampton Selling Steeplechase: TITTERSTONE.
Winchcombe Handicap Hurdle: CANNOCK LASS.
Charlton Handicap Steeplechase: CELERITY.
Evesham Novices' Hurdle: CONGO II.

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

PROFESSOR AND GHOSTS.

It is quite safe to say that more ghost stories are told at Christmas-time than at any other time during the year.

"We are apt to scorn and make fun of the ghost in these days," said Professor Stokes a few days ago, "but in bygone days a ghostly visitor was treated in a very serious manner. We are educated now, and the ghost, for the most part, lives only in the imagination of uneducated people.

Many years ago there lived in the Minories a miser named Solomon. Passers-by were surprised one morning to find that his shop was shut. Days passed, and still Solomon's shop remained locked up. At last the door was burst open and a rigid search was carried out, but no trace of Solomon could be found. The story got round that the place was haunted, and for a long time the shop remained untenanted. At last a young man decided to reopen the premises, and the story goes that one night he was visited by Solomon's ghost, who pointed to a wainscot. The next morning the young man broke down the wainscot, and, sure enough, found Solomon's skeleton and his gold.

The explanation of this and the many other extraordinary stories of ghostly happenings Professor Stokes is inclined to attribute to a slight derangement of the mind, brought about by constant association with objects connected with dead persons or constantly hearing an uncanny story of a supposed eerie visitor.

Hertfordshire Reader Wins £25.

No. 7 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In the No. 7 Football Competition a Hertfordshire reader succeeded in forecasting thirteen correct results out of the sixteen matches given, and therefore takes the prize of £25.

The fortunate person is—

ARTHUR HILL,
24, VERULAM ROAD, ST. ALBANS.

FIRSTS & LASTS

Our Fascinating Winter Evening Pastime.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more, the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclis s, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S" so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this column, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

PEACE CONFERENCE.	CHRISTMAS FARE.	FUNNY STORIES.
CHAMPION BOXERS.	CHEAP TICKETS.	CHANCE MEETINGS.
TRADE BOOM.	LONELY WOMEN.	TALKATIVE PARROTS.
GATHERING MISTLETOE.	EARLY MARRIAGES.	BUYING PRESENTS.

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 7, closes December 31.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent
Address	
No. Postal Order	

If you use one coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

Send in by Tuesday, 31st December. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 7 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell "Modern Man" to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased "Modern Man," so that special prizes may be awarded.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Mems for the Modern Woman.

While China is gradually being Anglicised and Westernised generally, Britain is returning the compliment by a striving after things Chinese.

Chinese lacquer and Chinese Chippendale, Chinese chairs, and Chinese china, Chinese metals and Chinese joss-sticks—anything so long as it comes from far Cathay.

The fancy for Japanese furnishings has quite died out. It was caused by the placing on the market of quantities of cheap bamboo Japanese wares.

* * *

Girls' and their Shoes.

There is a point which should be remembered by the girl who chooses the most dainty of frocks for dances. Don't forget that shoes are important, for a wrong note may be struck with them.

With a pale blue frock the other day a girl had put on slippers just a shade too pale, and the effect of her sky-blue gown was spoilt. There is no need for such a mistake, for dancing shoes are in every conceivable colour in the thinnest of satin, touched with delicate ornamentation.

Nothing should be permitted to make the foot look anything else than long and slim, for the correct outline is worthy of careful study. Some of the silver and gold brocades are exceedingly pretty, and expert workmanship is introduced into the ornamentation in the way of buckles, jewelled stars, crescents, or single bars. Christmas dances this season will not lack either colour or sparkle, for novelties will invade them on every side.

* * *

The World's Most Original Hostess.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish simply dotes on surprises. Last season, in New York's most exclusive ballrooms, the younger votaries of fashion persuaded hostesses to establish the custom of all-night dances beginning with champagne suppers and ending at six o'clock in the morning with breakfasts of ham and eggs, coffee, and muffins.

At a ball given recently by Mrs. Fish the musicians ceased playing and began packing their instruments as the clock chimed twelve. The dancers gazed in amazement at seeing their hostess standing smiling near the door ready to bid them good-night.

"So glad you came," was Mrs. Fish's farewell to her guests. "Now go home and get your beauty sleep."

The world's most original hostess, as she has been called, loves to do new and startling things. On one occasion she paid a huge sum to give her guests the pleasure of hearing the second act of an opera amid the clatter of plates and the hum of conversation at a dinner party.

Once she gave a "jungle dinner," at which the hall in her Madison Avenue residence was turned for the occasion into a tropical forest. Banana and cocoanut trees interlaced their stems and leaves over the dinner-table, and the chattering of tropical birds in the tree-tops entirely drowned the conversation of the guests beneath. At her "harvest ball" the hundred or more guests had to come attired as peasants and to bring pats of butter and rounds of cheese as contributions to the party. The hostess received her guests in milkmaid's costume, gave them a farmyard dinner with wooden benches to sit on, and sped the parting guests with presents of live-stock.

* * *

Articles Wrongly Named.

It is remarkable the number of things in this world that are wrongly named. For instance, Irish stew is not, as it is commonly supposed to be, a national Irish dish; while Kidderminster carpets are made in Brussels and Brussels carpets in Kidderminster. The Turks, too, never revel in a Turkish bath; while wax is not a constituent of sealing wax, and cat gut should be more properly called sheep gut. Kid gloves also are made of sheep or lamb skins, and not kid; while millions of oranges are offered for sale as "sweet Sevilles" and Jaffas that never saw either Seville or Palestine.

Each year many hundreds of Kashmir shawls are woven in Paisley and disposed of in different parts of the world as real Indian shawls; while thousands of watches of American manufacture are sent over here as Swiss Geneva watches. Then, again, the majority of the sardines that we see in the shop windows are anything but the genuine article, being but common sprats served up in olive oil.

Porpoise laces are another commodity wrongly named, these being made from the hide of the horse, and having no connection whatever with the porpoise; while camel hair brushes, if properly described, should be called squirrel hair brushes, being produced from the fur of the latter animal.

* * *

Hints to the Married.

Married folks would be happier if they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If each remembered that the other was practically a human being, not an angel.

If there were fewer "please, darlings" in public and more polite manners in private.

* *

Our Artist's suggestion for a fancy dress ball costume.

* * *

"Nipping" in Women.

The habit vulgarly known as "nipping" is as prevalent as it is deplorable, notwithstanding the repeated assertions that drunkenness is on the decrease, the fashionable woman being as much addicted to the practice as her poorer sister of the slums.

The latter goes to the public house—the other either obtains her "tonic" at the big emporium which provides her with all manner of goods—or at a convenient spirit store next door. This keeps her going instead of lunch, etc.

"Nerves" is the excuse of one, and the fatigue of shopping another.

Those women who indulge in the privacy of home do so for divers reasons—and the habit grows.

With some women "maternity" serves as a plea, and with others conjugal neglect.

But if women once realised that "nipping," no matter how small those nips may be, leaves traces on the face which the observer can read quite plainly, they would abjure the nip that cheers.

An American once asked me why so many of the women he met had "such hard eyes?" I told him to watch and see. His disgust was unbounded, and his respect for English women a trifle lessened.

THERE IS PLENTY OF SCOPE IN "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

By

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Churchwarden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully, who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten years' penal servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clarestoke.

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her father is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in [illegible] on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, would be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her, which is reciprocated.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure money to obtain letters belonging to her from a man who had threatened to show them to her lover, consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

Using a key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Earle also visits the place, and the truth known, he springs at Stuttermann, strikes him down, rendering him unconscious, and then leaves the house, followed by a doctor, shouting for the police.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known as Miss Henry, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, visits Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells him that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

In the prison hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who placed the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he was convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stuttermann himself had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted Jasmine.

Earle, dangerously ill, and waiting for the end, requests the Chaplain to send a letter to Mrs. Floyd, communicating the information he had received from the convict. "For God's sake, follow this up! If you do so you will know I was not unworthy of the love of Jasmine."

At Lord Clarestoke's house, Lennie Shoreham accidentally drops on the floor a piece of cloth with the ugly and ominous brand upon it. Jasmine, seeing it, knows it as a sign, and cries, "Where did you get it? For I must go to him; I must go!"

CHAPTER VI. (*continued.*)

THE HATE THAT KILLED.

"Speak to me! Speak! Why do you stand there silent? I must know exactly how you got this."

Jasmine Floyd panted out the words, while the bit of drab cloth with the black broad arrow upon it shook in her trembling fingers. She went on quickly, breathlessly:

"Come here to the light, and look at this! You can see the sign plainly—a cross inside a circle—and you can see that it is made with blood. Always, since the very beginning of our friendship Harry Earle has made that sign a sort of password between us. No other man but him would have done this—no, not one out of all the convicts in all the prisons in England. You must have been to him! You must have seen him. How was it? And when? And where? Oh, tell me! Tell me! Because it is his call to me. He may have heard somehow that I am living; needs me—needs me in some way very urgently and desperately—and I must go to him. He told me that if ever anything reached me with that mark upon it I must know that it came from him, and that he wanted me."

"You are mad, Jasmine. Even if this piece of cloth had anything to do with Harry Earle, and he had made that strange evil-looking sign upon it, he could not possibly have hoped that you would ever see it. But there is no proof that it did come from him—though I certainly picked it up near the quarry where the convicts work outside Portmill Prison."

"Outside Portmill Prison? Then you have been there? I knew it! You went to see Harry? Did you see him? Tell me; tell me!"

The elegant, dashing creature who was known to the world as the Honourable Leonard Shoreham looked at Jasmine curiously for a moment, and then lied to her.

"No, I wasn't such a fool as to hope to see him. There's no getting to see a man in a convict prison—unless you're his wife or his mother or his promised wife, and then you can go once every six months and speak to him from a distance with bars between you, as if he were a wild animal in the Zoological Gardens. But I'm only Harry Earle's cousin, so I didn't dream of getting to see him. All I went for was to get a glimpse of the outside of the place, where he'll have to drag out a death in life for ten years. And while I was walking about there, I picked this bit of stuff up by the merest accident. Of course it's bound to belong to one of the convicts there—it's a corner of a convict's jacket torn off somehow—but if it were not for that sign which you say means so much, there wouldn't be anything about it to show that it might be Harry Earle's more than any other's. And even if you knew beyond a doubt that it was his, and that it was a call to you, you could no more go to him than if he were dead and buried. What are you looking so white for? You need not be afraid of anybody coming into this room now. The people who were talking out in the corridor have gone back down the stairs."

"It is not that. It is the thought of what Harry must be suffering. He must be breaking his heart if he really believes me to be dead. Oh, Lennie! Is there not some way by which I can let him know that I am living? Can't you think of a way?"

"Don't you think it would be better to let him keep on believing you dead? There's no good in loving a convict, and it's an easy way of getting free from him."

"Getting free from him? Oh, Lennie, how dare you say such a thing? I would sooner die than part from him for ever. Only God knows how much I love him. Lennie, Lennie, tell me this, will you, who are free to do what you choose, and need not think of money, find some means or other of telling him, my Harry, that I am not dead, but living? No! No! You

ST. ALBANS READER WINS £25. SEE PAGE 1727.

must not say it is impossible. Nothing is impossible to you—you, who because you are a man can slip about without being noticed, and to whom money is of no consequence. And you have always been such a good friend to Harry, even against your father's will! In pity for us both, do this for us! Go down to the neighbourhood of Portmill Prison and stay near there long enough to get to know somebody connected with the prison—someone that you can persuade or can pay to take a message in. What harm would there be in it? It will only be a few little whispered words to save a man from suicide. Oh Lennie, do this! Do this! I will pay you back the kindness some day—God helping me!"

Why did she not notice then, even in her agitation, that this young "man," who was Harry Earle's cousin, was looking at her with eyes that were not a man's, but a woman's—eyes in which a woman's passion smouldered and a woman's pitiless jealousy blazed?

But she noticed nothing. How should she think of anything so strange as this?

She only knew, as she clasped Leonard Shoreham's arm appealingly, that he had often shown an affection which seemed to her brotherly for the man whom she loved. And she clung to him now, renewing her passionate beseeching:

"You have helped Harry often and often. But if you will do this for him, you will be helping him more than ever before," she pleaded. "Oh, why are you so hard about him? Why do you not smile to me and give me your promise? After all, this thing that I am asking you to do is so easy for you. There is no risk about it—no risk at all. All you have to do is to get one of the prison doctors, or the chaplain, or a warder—anyone who can get near the prisoners—to go to Harry Earle and say to him that the woman he loves is not dead, but living. Lennie, say you will do this!"

Leonard Shoreham answered without looking at her.

"I might do it, perhaps, if you would tell me your secret—the secret reason why you have given up your father and mother and your home and your luxurious life and allowed a strange woman to be laid in her grave in your name, while you try to earn your bread in hiding, and perhaps in misery. Surely the help I've given you already and the way I have kept silence up to the present, must show you that I am fit to be trusted with the whole of the mystery, whatever it may be. Tell me everything, and then I will see what I can do."

Jasmine Floyd choked back a rising sob.

"God knows, I would tell you everything if the secret were only mine! But it is not only mine. It incriminates someone else—someone whom I dare not betray. Lennie, you must believe this, and have pity upon me. It is not any want of trust in you that holds me back from telling you. I would trust you sooner than anybody else in the world—sooner even than Harry himself. I could not dare to tell Harry, because the story is a dreadful one, and would blacken me in his sight. He might not want me any more if he heard it. He would feel that I was not worthy of him—and he would be right. But I will tell you at the first moment that I can—as soon as ever I see a gleam of light in the blackness which seems now to be all round me. And you will go down to the neighbourhood of the prison at once and find someone who can take Harry the message that I am giving. He may have got to know it somehow, already. The sight of this sign makes me think so. He may have seen you when you went there, although you did not see him, and may have torn this bit of cloth from his jacket on purpose in the hope that you would pick it up, and that somehow or other if I were really living I should come to know about it. A man as desperate as he is would seize on the least little chance, however madly hopeless it seemed. Go and tell him that another woman lies in the grave where my own people believe they have laid me, and that I live and love him, and believe in him and am waiting for him still. Tell him I shall wait till the end—even if it be the full ten years. . . . Why are you looking at me like that suddenly—as if you hated me?"

At last she had seen that there was something very strange in the steady, sombre gaze which this cousin of Harry Earle's had fixed upon her. If she could have read Lennie Shoreham's soul, she would have seen that a black poison of hatred was in it; hatred born of fierce jealousy of her delicate and tender fair beauty, and of her great love for her convict lover and great faith in his love for her. In that moment Lennie Shoreham could have killed her But outwardly, the handsome young heir to the Clarestoke peerage put on a look of smiling pity.

"What nonsense, Jasmine! How could I look as if I hated you? At the moment, I was thinking how lovely you are in spite of that shabby dusty serge gown. Well, to please you, I'll try to do this mad thing that you're asking me to do. I'll go down to Portmill and get on bargaining terms with somebody connected with the prison. I daresay I shall manage it. Money and a glib tongue can work wonders. And now, if you mean to keep your amazing idea of being dead as Jasmine Floyd to everybody in the world except Harry Earle and me—and old Tigg—how do you suppose you are going to get your living? Of course, you'll have to get it somehow, because if you want people to believe that you're in your grave you can't ask for any of the money that belongs to you as Miss Floyd. What do you say to stopping here as my secretary for a time—until you can find something else? My father need not know that you are here. He keeps pretty much to his own rooms. You would be quite safe."

A new joy came into Jasmine's eyes.

"Oh, how good you are, Lennie! To stay here and work for you will be the best and safest thing I can do for a little while. And when you have been to Portmill and come back and can tell me that Harry knows I am alive—oh, then I shall have strength to be patient! God bless you, Lennie! God bless you."

Her sobs were rising faster. She pressed the arm of Lennie Shoreham in her deep relief and gratitude. And even now, though she was looking full at him in the light from the window, no faintest suspicion crossed her mind that this charming boy in his early twenties was a woman—and was her rival.

A woman and her rival! A woman who had beauty and fierce passion, and who loved the man she herself loved, and was secretly determined to trample down every law and every scruple in order to get him.

* * *

On going down the stairs towards the rooms which his father always preferred to occupy, Lennie Shoreham met Tigg on one of the landings. The bald little old butler with the sandy side whiskers and the bulb-like nose turned his fishy eyes upwards to the handsome face of the young "Master," and ventured to speak without having been spoken to.

"Oh, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Leonard, there's something queer going to 'appen under this roof to-day! There's somebody sent 'is lordship a 'eap of peacock's feathers to be made up into a screen, or something like that, and I've got 'em in 'is study at this very minute; and I'm sure, what with that and the ivy trails that's in the big vase with the 'anthemums on 'is table, and that's a dreadful sign of quarrelling, I feel as if there's no sayin' what the next minute may bring forth."

Lennie laughed.

"What nonsense, Tigg! But you were always superstitious. You have so many superstitions that I wonder you can get through life at all and steer clear of half of them."

But Tigg shook his head dolefully.

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Leonard, sir, but there's been some awful signs about this place lately. Three days running there's been a diamond in the tablecloth when I've unfolded it; and this morning a bit of the plaster moulding of the ceiling just outside 'is lordship's study fell down all of a sudden. There couldn't be two surer signs of a death in the house, sir. It fairly made my blood run cold when I saw that third diamond in the cloth and that bit of plaster moulding drop down. I don't want to disturb your mind, sir, but ——"

"Oh, you haven't disturbed my mind, Tigg!" laughed the young master as he went on his way down the stairs to the first floor, leaving the old butler standing dolefully looking after him.

A moment later the Honourable Leonard was cautiously opening the door of his father's study; cautiously, so as to give the half crippled and very irritable peer time to call out an objection if he preferred to be left alone.

Lord Clarestoke called out no objection, however, and after having carefully closed the door behind him, Lennie walked up to his father, who was sitting at his writing table, and quietly sat down in a chair near him.

"There is something I want to speak to you about, father," he said.

Lord Clarestoke, who had been occupied in writing a letter, laid down his quill and pushed his chair a little way back from the writing-table. He was a small man wizened and odd looking, partly crippled owing to a fall in his childhood and with shoulders so round that many people called him humpbacked. He turned his eyes now on his heir, and they had pride in them, and a tenderness which he never showed to anybody else in the world.

"Well, Lennie, what is it?"

Lennie got up from his chair, then, and began to walk to and fro over the thick, rich carpet. He spoke as he walked:

"When you decided to bring me, your daughter, up as a boy, and as your heir, did it never occur to you that there might be danger to your plans if one day I should fall in love?"

There was a moment of silence. Then Lord Clarestoke said:

"You're not going to be such a fool as to do that, Lennie!"

"But I have done it," came from the lips of the handsome and dashing young creature who was pacing to and fro. "I have come into my woman's kingdom. I am in love—and with Harry Earle."

"In love? And with Harry Earle?" The wizened little peer spluttered out the words rather than spoke them. "With Harry Earle, the felon—the hateful and branded son of my hateful and blackguardly brother, whose conduct was so abominable that I paid him ten thousand pounds to drop the family surname of Shoreham, and call himself by his second name of Earle? And you dare to tell me you are in love with the felon, Harry. Where and how have you seen him—seeing

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that I forbade you from the first to have anything whatever to do with him, even if chance should throw him across your path? But all this is nonsense. You wouldn't do such a thing after I've nursed you in hatred of these Earles, and have told you a thousand times that my detestation of the living son was as great as my loathing of the father had been. It was that loathing of him that made me train you from babyhood to play the part of a male heir so as to keep them out of the peerage and the money and everything. No, Lennie, this is all a ridiculous piece of foolery. You could not love Harry Earle. It can't be true!"

"It is absolutely true." The girl who made so attractive a young man had stopped in her pacing and now turned sharply round and faced her father. "It is so true that I have taken the desperate step of telling Harry Earle the facts. I got at him as he was working in the quarry outside Portmill Prison—never mind how—and I told him that I, his cousin, Lennie Shoreham, was not a man but a woman, and that I loved him so madly that for his sake I was ready to make known my womanhood to the whole world and give up to him the heirship to the peerage on condition that he would marry me."

"You told him that?" gasped out Lord Clarestoke, staring at the tall young figure before him with eyes that had suddenly become terrible, and making a curious choking noise in his throat. "You went to Harry Earle, the convict, and told him that?"

"Yes; and I mean to abide by it. I love him fiercely, madly. I cannot live without him, and if he will love me in return I shall give him back his own."

The choking sound in Lord Clarestoke's throat became a gurgle. He put his hands to his head and fell forward suddenly. Lennie rushed to him, but knew already that it was too late.

"Good God!" rang out then the voice that was a woman's but had been trained as a man's. "He is dead! And Harry Earle, the convict, is Lord Clarestoke, a peer of the realm. But he shall never come into his own unless and until he gives me his love and so makes it worth my while to put on the silken skirts and golden fetters of my womanhood."

And then the heir, whom servants and doctors would in a few minutes call the new Lord Clarestoke, caught sight of a half-filled glass of wine, which stood on the writing-table. Rising to his feet, he caught up the glass and holding it high, called out to the great empty room, where no man could hear him:

"Here's to the health of Harry Earle, the convict-peer—and the man that I love! He will have to win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart. And he shall do it."

* * *

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST, WORST MENACE.

With the coming of darkness on that fateful day, Jasmine Floyd slipped out from the stricken house, where Tigg was secretly rejoicing over the fulfilment of his superstitious fears, and made her way to the dear familiar house in Fitzjohn's Avenue, which a fortnight ago had been her home.

She was going to try to see her mother. There was risk in doing so—grave risk if she did not want to be discovered—but her heart yearned with so passionate a tenderness towards that dear mother, that she was bound to make the attempt. And at this hour of the day her mother always slept. What she hoped for now was to steal into the familiar bedroom where the sleeping woman would be lying, and press a kiss on her forehead or on her soft hair without waking her. She had a good chance of being able to do this, for her father was always out at this time of day, and she could enter the house by one of the balcony windows at the back, as Harry Earle had done on the night when he had come to her after escaping from Portmill Prison.

She carried out her purpose very successfully. Knowing as she did every nook and turn of this place that had been her

(*Continued on page* 1733.)

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

I hope readers took advantage of my timely advice last week to leave markets alone until after the Christmas holidays.

* * *

As you will have seen for the past week, everything has been on the down grade, with terrific slumps in Americans and most of our markets either marking time, or the stocks and shares being judiciously marked down by the jobbers.

* * *

Naturally there is very little business knocking about at Christmas time, as people turn their attention to other things, and in any case, where speculating, rather realise to secure profits, and spend the proceeds on that which we all look for at this time of the year, viz., Christmas presents.

* * *

Americans have had a terrific shake-out, and although at the time of writing prices are a little better I should not be at all surprised to see quotations at a much lower level.

* * *

Home Rails have held together wonderfully well, but have derived little benefit from the conclusion of the strike on the North Eastern Railway. Brighton Deferred hang around 91, but Metropolitan Consolidated are a point or two lower. Districts at 40 are a good pick up, and also South Eastern Deferred at about 64.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics are down several points, and Grand Trunk Third Pref. are also slightly lower at about 54. I, however, strongly recommend a purchase of Grand Trunk Third Pref. at this figure as from an investment point of view for a long shot they are good.

* * *

There is very little business doing in the Industrial market, and the general tendency of prices is downwards.

* * *

There has been a further relapse in National Telephone Deferred and Marconi's are also lower.

* * *

Associated Cements have been a weak spot, but National Steam Cars keep very firm at about 32s. 6d. Here again is a share that is well worth the small investor picking up, as the Company is still making excellent headway.

* * *

Among miscellaneous mines the Cobalt issues are still being much talked about, and are a market tip for much higher prices.

* * *

Casey Cobalt, which I have consistently recommended to my readers are well worth picking up at about 2½.

* * *

The only company in West Africa worth my readers' attention is the Ashanti Gold Fields, the 4s. shares of which are now quoted at 22s. 6d. This Company is paying very big dividends, and as they have an enormous ore reserve the shares should be worth holding for many years.

* * *

There is very little business doing among Rhodesians, and, with the exception of Rhodesian Central Mining, everything seems to be on the down grade.

* * *

The only good thing among Nigerians is the Rayfield £1 shares, now quoted at 17s. 6d.

* * *

The prices obtained at this week's rubber auction sales failed to stimulate share dealing, and here again inactivity prevails.

* * *

Among the speculative leaders Anglo Malay are slightly better of 15s., but Linggis at 2s. 6d., and Valambrosas at 24s. are lower.

* * *

The oil market is still waiting for a lead, which we are not likely to see until the latter part of January, and then the good things, like Royal Dutch and Shells, Spies Petroleum or Mexican Eagle Common should be worth purchasing.

Premier Pipes continue depressed, although the latest news of development work is quite satisfactory, but we hear the December output is expected to show a reduction.

* * *

In the Maikop Group Black Seas and Maikop Pipe Line keep steady, but Maikop New Producers are lower at 3s.

* * *

Naturally there will be very little doing on the Stock Exchange this week, but I look to things brightening up considerably in the new year, when we should see good business doing in Home Rails and also among Rubbers and Oils.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

A.L. (Birkenhead).—About the only things among mines I can possibly recommend at present time are Ashanti Gold Fields at 22s. 6d., and Rhodesian Central Mining at about 11s. I will send you the name of a stock broker to deal with.

G.W. (Notts).—I cannot advise you to speculate before Christmas. Write me again in the New Year, and I will then give you one or two likely things in the Oil and Rubber markets.

E.H. (Liverpool).—The best among Oils is Spies Petroleum and Shell Transport. Among Rubbers, Pataling are about the best to buy.

P.C.—About the most likely shares in the Industrial market for an early rise are National Steam Cars. The company is doing well, and the weekly traffic returns continue to show big increases.

E.M. (Dulwich).—I cannot recommend you to speculate in Brewery shares. A much sounder speculation is District Ordinary at about 40 to 41.

E.P. (Weymouth).—I hear that Brazilian Traction are likely to be put much higher early in January, so I should advise you to hold on, as you are likely to see the stock go to par. Districts are worth buying, also Great Northern Deferred.

H.J. (Willesden).—Have nothing to do with the people you send me particulars of, they are only a bucket shop crowd. If you want to speculate in stocks and shares I will send you the name of a member of the Stock Exchange.

L.A. (Leeds).—I will pass your letter on to a broker to buy the Rhodesian Central Mining for you.

G.R. (Glasgow).—I received the list all right, and should advise you to sell 1, 3, 7,, but hold the others for better prices.

G.P. (Birmingham).—I can strongly recommend Casey Cobalt Shares at 2½, and they are worth holding for at least a 20s. rise.

J.E. (Portsmouth).—Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are worth securing at present price Pataling Rubber Estates shares at £2 will show you a return of about 22½ per cent. The Prudential is one of the soundest insurance companies, and you are quite safe to take out a policy here.

B.K. (York).—The shares you mention are very speculative. You would do much better by buying Casey Cobalt at 2½, or Rhodesian Central Mining at about 11s. National Steam Cars are all right among industrials, also Aerated Bread Co. shares, but I could not advise you to buy Associated Cement Ordinary just now.

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Page 1727.

("SIN," our thrilling melodrama—continued.)

home for many years, she entered by the window quite unnoticed under cover of the darkness, and slipping like a shadow up the stairs, reached Mrs. Wellington Floyd's room.

It was empty, as she had expected, except for the sleeping form of her mother on the wide luxurious couch at the foot of the bed.

Stealing softly up to the couch, she felt a pang of anguish stab through the tenderness that filled her heart at sight of the change in that dear face. What suffering must have gone to the making of this change! What an agony of sorrow must have brought about this drawn pallor that was so pitiful to see!

"Oh, mother! mother!" The words broke from her lips in her passion of yearning tenderness, "I know it must have been terrible for you to believe me dead. It must be terrible still. But I have let you believe it because by going out of your life I have spared you a suffering that would have been even sharper. At least now there is no bitterness of shame mingling with your sorrow; but if I had not left you and gone into outer loneliness, things would have happened which would have revealed to you the awful truth that the husband you love so dearly is a miserable criminal—worse still, a man with blood upon his hands—and that every morsel of bread which he has given to you and to me and all the comfort in which he has cherished us both, have been bought with the price of crime. And to know this, would have broken your heart utterly. You could not have lived under the horror of it, my darling mother."

Again and again very tenderly and very reverently, she kissed the soft waves of hair, still untinged with grey, lying above the smooth white forehead of the noble and honourable woman who was linked to a professional law breaker and did not know it. Then, struggling hard against the temptation to stop until the sleeper woke and then to reveal herself, she slipped out of the room and out of the house again as quietly and as completely unnoticed as she had come in.

Then she walked down to Swiss Cottage Railway Station and got into a train, meaning to go to Chelsea and see if she could get secretly into Carl Stuttermann's house and search for some further proof of his having murdered Mary Glover. For every time that she looked at the little piece which she had cut out of his tablecloth, with the curious blue stain upon it, she felt more and more convinced that in spite of the doctor's evidence and of everything having gone off so quietly, Mary Glover's death had not been due to natural causes, but to foul play.

She was sitting in a corner of one of the long compartments of the train trying to keep back the tears that welled continually into her eyes, and trying at the same time to find something to make her sore heart glad in the thought that at least Harry Earle would soon know that she was living, and that he had not lost her, when suddenly her attention was caught by something that an old man sitting opposite to her, who looked like a professor, was saying to his neighbour in the next seat.

"It isn't only in the deeps of the country that there are secret recesses in old houses." The words came distinctly to her ears. "There are ever so many here in London, and in nine cases out of ten the people that live in the houses now haven't got the faintest idea of the interesting nooks tucked away in the stone or bricks and mortar of their walls. There's that house in Chelsea I was mentioning just now, for instance. I believe the present tenant is a German by the name of Stuttermann, and I don't suppose for a moment that he knows that in a sort of wine cupboard that's just inside his hall door there is an opening, hidden now by a few bricks, through which a fairly slender person can easily get into a recess behind the end wall of his dining-room. From this recess people used to be able to look through into the dining-room and hear what went on in it. There were holes in the carved frame of a picture that hangs against the wall at this spot; and as I'm told that Stuttermann had the house furnished and has most likely not altered anything, it may still be possible to play the spy there if anybody wanted to do so."

Jasmine Floyd drew in her breath sharply, as she realised all that these words meant to herself. How strange that they should have been spoken in her hearing at all! How strange, above all, that they should have been spoken to-night, when she was on her way to this same house to play on her own account a detective's part, and had been torturing herself with doubts and fears as to how she could get into the house and stay there long enough to make a search in it unnoticed!

Could this recess of which these men were talking really exist?

Because, if so, she would be able to watch Stuttermann's proceedings in his own dining-room in a way in which she could never have hoped otherwise to watch them.

"But the little wine-cupboard which gives access to the recess is inside the hall door," she reminded herself. "I have to get inside first of all before I can even attempt to reach it. I must force an entrance to the house in the way of a burglar somehow. After all, I do it in a good cause—for the avenging of a crime. And something within tells me, too, that if Carl Stuttermann were driven into a corner and forced to tell out what he knows, he could vindicate Harry. Oh, if that could be! If only that could be!

In her inmost heart she hardly hoped for success to-night in getting secretly into Carl Stuttermann's house. Stuttermann was not a man who allowed his windows to be left unfastened for thieves or other persons to get in at. But good fortune, which seemed to be on her side to-night, favoured her more than she had expected. She found a window unclosed, and by sheer suppleness of body and adroitness of movement, made her way in at it. Stealing up then like a shadow to the dining-room floor, she was on the point of boldly darting to the wine-cupboard just outside the front door—a curious place for it—when Carl Stutterman's voice reached her from the dining-room itself, the door of which was slightly ajar.

"Soapy Sam is going to be removed from Wormwood Scrubbs to Portmill the day after to-morrow," were the words that she heard spoken in the disagreeable half-German grunt. "He can get at Harry Earle and do the job for us. Earle is dangerous, and must be got out of our way, that's very certain. And the thing must be done quickly."

The girl's blood froze as the true significance of these words forced itself upon her. Carl Stuttermann and the man to whom he was talking were plotting Harry Earle's death! This fact was luridly, fearfully clear to her horror-chilled soul. But who was the other man?

She moved nearer to the dining-room door with the purpose of looking in, though she knew that every step that she took towards the room placed her very life in greater and greater peril.

(To be continued.)

Look out for long instalment of this thrilling melodrama next week.

Tell your Newsagent to-day to order "Modern Man" for you. Then you will not be disappointed.

STUDENTS' SUCCESSES.

Mr. William Crook, the winner of the first prize in the Copywriting Competition at the Advertising Exhibition recently held at the Horticultural Hall, London, Mr. W. Rand, the winner of the second prize, Mr. Alexander Cox, winner of the third prize, and four out of the six winners of the consolation prizes, are students of the I.C.S.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 10 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

YOU WILL FIND "FIRSTS AND LASTS" FASCINATING.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

Below are given the names of the fourth batch of prize winners in connection with our fascinating winter evening pastime, "Firsts and Lasts."

The first prize of £3 goes to—

W. E. WEISS, 19, Beauval Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

The winning First and Last is—

TROUBLESOME LODGERS: TROMBONE SOLOISTS.

S. J. CRUX, 5, Helena Road, Walthamstow, N.E.,

takes the second prize of £1 10s. with—

PAID POLITICIANS: PERIODICALLY "SACKED."

Ten prizes of 5s. each are awarded to—

CHARLES O'HAGAN ,46, Brougham Road, Greenock.
F. WOODMAN, 3, Denzil Road, Neasden.
Miss E. ONGLEY, 7, Watkin Road, Folkestone.
J. A. ROSEN, Suptg. Engineer's Office, Plans and Records, Denman St., S.E.
HENRY BISHOP, 7, Bonsor Road, Folkestone.
F. C. L. ROBERTS, 74, Dyson's Road, Edmonton, N.
T. P. WALKER, 103, Union Grove, Aberdeen.
E. R. BETTS, 59, Mark Lane, E.C.
H. CANNON, c/o Lingards', Ltd., Westgate, Bradford, Yorks.
FRANK MORGAN, "Jeffreys Arms," Ystradgynlais, S. Wales.

ON THE ROAD.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

The entries for the M.C.C. run on the 27th inst. to Exeter and back are considerably in excess of last year's number. This is a trial that calls for real sportsmen, for although it is not as long as some of the summer trials, the weather conditions are generally far from good. Riding all night in half a gale with belt slipping, lamp jibbing, and an ocasional skid to vary the monotony has to be tried to be appreciated.

* * *

I notice that many 1913 sidecars are now being fitted with brakes on the sidecar wheel. Theoretically, extra brakes mean extra safety, but in practice I have found that it affects the steering, besides throwing a very great strain on the forward couplings, and I advise intending purchasers to dispense with this idea, or at any rate to "wait and see" how they take the public fancy.

* * *

I have often wondered why cyclists, more so than motor cyclists, always wait till the last minute before lighting their lamps. During the twilight hour it is much more difficult to distinguish objects ahead than when darkness has descended and vehicles are revealed by the contrast of their lights against the blackness of the night. Many mishaps occurring at this period of the evening would be avoided if riders would realise that there is such a thing as obeying the spirit of the law as well as the letter.

* * *

When out riding the other day I came across one of the Wall Auto Wheels propelling an ordinary bicycle. In the course of a chat the rider told me he had had it for some time, and that it was giving satisfaction, being quite capable of travelling at twenty miles per hour; on hills, however, it required pedal assistance.

* * *

In cleaning a bicycle the best method is to stand it upside down so that the wheels can easily revolve, and to lock the head to keep the machine steady. Dry mud should be wiped off with a wet cloth, but care should be taken that the cloth is not wet enough to allow any water to drop on to any part of the machine, for it has a way of running down the tubes and spokes and ultimately working its way into the wearing parts.

The enamel, when clean, should be polished with a soft cloth, and, although some people, in order to make it look glossy, wipe it with a slightly oiled rag, the deposit of oil has a tendency to attract the dust and make the machine look dull very soon after riding. On the other hand, caked mud rubs off very much easier from an oiled surface.

The tyres should be carefully brushed and examined for cuts. Should there be any cuts in the cover, a little puncture solution inserted will put this matter right.

* * *

MOTOR CYCLES.

Premier, 3½ h.p., 1910½. Excellent condition. Lamp and all accessories. £25.—Motor Box 72, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Quadrant, 3½ h.p., B. and B., Clincher and Bates H.B.C., fast and powerful. £11.—Motor Box 73, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES.

Wearwell.—Gent.'s, Wolverhampton make; large frame, freewheel, two brakes.—Cycle Box 36, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Cycle, 22in. frame, all fittings, good make, 30s.—Cycle Box 37, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

Your New Year's Gift THIS YEAR SHOULD BE A SPECIAL

HANDSOMELY PLATED TROUSER PRESS

Polished 6-ply Oak. **5/9**

Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8 ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14lbs

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval.** Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free.

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager),
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FOR A PENNY A DAY.

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach **ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL,** and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

French, German or Spanish?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1912 Self-Tuition Course by Post.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

It is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

FOR THIS 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) you at present get

1.—Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2.—A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3.—Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4.—A Set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15s.; of the German or Spanish 10s. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

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(Established 1875.)
33, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.; 64-66, OXFORD STREET, W.
205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.
Address for Self-Tuition inquiries:
33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SEND NOW FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

RENOVATING FELT HATS.

At the end of a few months' wear, felt hats begin to show signs of shabbiness. They can be given a new lease of life in the following simple manner: Make a weak solution of ammonia with warm water, and sponge the hat carefully all over with this.

Be careful not to wet the hat more than you can help, and while it is drying brush it from time to time, always the way of the nap.

It is generally the binding of a felt hat that gives out first, and this is a matter where prevention is better than cure. The binding should last as long as the felt if the hat is brushed carefully. The majority of men allow the back of the brush to come into violent contact with the edge of the binding when they give their headgear its morning grooming.

Treatment of this sort inevitably cuts the riband, which is composed largely of silk, and is consequently none too strong.

The right brush for a felt hat is one with long soft bristles; they don't rub the felt too hard, and their length keeps the wooden back from scratching the brim.

INKSTAINS ON LEATHER.

It often happens, particularly in these days when we pass a considerable portion of our time in filling fountain pens, that one will drop a spot of ink on a brown boot.

If it is observed at the time and wiped off at once with a wet rag, no serious damage will be done; but if it is once allowed to dry it is difficult to eradicate.

It will be necessary to apply methylated spirit or a weak solution of oxalic acid, sponging the leather carefully afterwards, so that as little of the acid as possible may remain on it.

Unless the ink is of an exceptionally fast quality, either of these methods will ensure its removal.

WOOLLEN GLOVES.

Perhaps you have noticed that after a little wear, the surface of worsted gloves becomes covered with little balls of fluff, which give the gloves a "shaggy" appearance.

Most men assume that the little balls of fluff are too firmly fixed to remove without injury to the glove, but such is not the case.

The gloves will look very much better if they are subjected to a slight plucking process, which causes no harm to them.

* * *

THE MUSICAL CHARMER.

"Everything comes to him who waits."

* * *

For the first time, a woman has obtained the degree of L.D.S., Licentiate of Dental-Surgery. Some women get their £ s. d. by painless extraction.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gramophone: Magnificent hornless Sheraton mahogany cabinet, record cupboard enclosed, height 4ft.; powerful one turn motor, 12in. turntable, distinct, mellow tone; purchased 1912; records; £4 5s.—3, Anbert Park, Highbury Barn, London.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1723.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use: best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKERS' Clearance Sale. Send for list of 3,500 genuine bargains of every description; post free; astounding value.

25/—GENT.'S £5 Double-breasted Winter OVERCOAT, 40in. breast; superior quality heavy dark-grey frieze with tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West End tailors; never worn. Approval.

10/6 Gent.'s 18ct. gold-cased keyless lever watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty, absolutely perfect timekeeper; also double curb albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, great bargain. 10s. 6d. Approval

29/6 (Original price £5 15s.) Valuable double-barrelled breech-loader gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £9 9s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

10/6 ORGAN TONE MELODEON; magnificent 37s. 6d. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, rich, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval.

4/9 Knitted CARDIGAN JACKET; (Worth 15s.).—Gent.'s Well-made reliable quality; unworn; approval.

21/- (Worth £4 4s.).—GENT.'S Solid Silver Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable main spring, timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' written warranty; also Gent.'s Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; bargain, 21s.; approval.

DAVIS & CO., (Dept. 4) Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1728.

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," "The Sure Hair Curler" 1s. 1½d., post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1734.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Fountain pen, unused, Christmas present, cost 10s. 6d., take 5s.—Box 300, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, real Burberry waterproof and leather slip motoring coat.—Box 301, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1736.

Dated, December 28, 1912.

.....Cut here.....

.....Cut here.....

ST. ALBANS READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

YOUR EDITOR'S GREAT OFFER

A ROLLICKING SUCCESS.

6/6 for Nothing

Shaving Sets FREE to all.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
" " Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d. Free to My Readers.**

I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, I am satisfied we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper, and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

Remember, all you have to do

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on page 1735. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left hand corner, "Free Shaving Set."

NEVER MISS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY—SEND NOW.

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